

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 20, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS



PREVIEW

JOHANSSON

WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

PATTERSON

WHY INGO WILL WIN IT

By MARTIN KANE

PATTERSON'S PLAN

DRAWINGS • ROBERT RIGER

INGEMAR JOHANSSON

Heavyweight Champion

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Cover: Eugene Johnson ▶

Sweden's pride, the heavy-weight champion, defends his title against the ex-champion, Floyd Patterson, next Monday, weather permitting. For a light preview see page 16.

Photograph by Mark Kaufman

Next week



▶ Hurdler Glenn Davis, 1964 Olympic champion, typifies the older American track stars who will vie with the college-plans for places on this year's U.S. Olympic team team.

▶ From the mile-high Cherry Hills golf course in Denver, Herbert Warren Wind reports on the 1969 National Open Championship and one of the finest fields ever assembled.

▶ Drawing on a half century of experience with champions and beginners, Matt Mazza, dean of U.S. swimming coaches, presents his methods for teaching children to swim.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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MEMO from the publisher



THE BEARER of the pleased smile and the plaster cast is our London Bureau's John Lovesey, the very model of a man who has seen his duty and has done it. Readers of the story on the Outward Bound school (page 18) may understandably regard its commando course curriculum as more attractive to spectator than performer. Nevertheless, when Lovesey received his assignment he braced his colleague, Photographer Brian Seed, and said, "We must take this course ourselves!"

Seed is a confirmed city mouse (London style), partial to sleeping on a pillow and bathing in hot water, but he rose to the challenge like a man. When the first dawn came, he dived into the frigid river Dart, only to emerge with a limp and the honor of being the expedition's casualty No. 1. Further direct research, therefore, was all Lovesey's. "Should there be any doubts about this business," he later wrote, "hear what happened. I wish it could remain hidden in some Dartmoor mist, but the spirit of Outward Bound requires me

to divulge all. Simply, I was handed a rope to swing an enormous distance to a net." With admirable British understatement casualty No. 2 concludes: "I am afraid I failed to maintain my hold."

"In fact," says Seed, "he plummeted from more than 20 feet like a wounded duck into a mass of moss and dry leaves at my feet. I picked him up and carefully dashed him off—three times. Just as regularly he capsize." The Outward Bound motto, "To serve, to strive and not to yield," discourages appeals for help. Hopefully unobserved, a limping Seed and a broken-legged Lovesey hobbled to a car they had secreted near by and made their way to a doctor for repairs.

After that, Photographer Seed's efforts to ameliorate Outward Bound's rigors took various forms, none of which is retrospect he considers too successful. Below you see him stirring up an early morning delirium, *bisque de leeward*, no authorized part of Outward Bound fare. "If you care to know," says Seed, "lobster soup is jolly poor for breakfast."



John H. James

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Compulsion to Swing
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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

ON THE RISE

Charles Dillon Stengel rose from a bed of pain last week, and in grandly sympathetic response the New York Yankees rose right with him.

For nearly a week Casey had been in New York's Lenox Hill Hospital with a low-order virus, and his Yankees had been confined to the ruck of the American League, suffering from low-order baseball. Now, dramatically, both look healthy again, and that legion of Yankee haters (which ranges from Frank Lane of the *Indiana* to Albert Kochivar, the *Widham*, Mont. rancher who sends telegrams of congratulations to

Then Casey moved from the hospital to the dugout, and the Yankees started winning. What's more, as veteran Yankee haters were admitting, it was the way they won that hurt. Four big doubles beat the White Sox last Tuesday, four home runs (two by Mantle) beat them Wednesday, another Mantle homer beat them Thursday. Friday, a Mantle homer beat Cleveland.

The next day, Mantle was injured, but no matter. Cleveland got ahead and Roger Maris homered. The Indians went ahead again, and Yogi Berra homered. Cleveland came on a third time, and pinch hitter Kleton Howard homered for the Yankees' fifth straight victory.

It was enough to set a Yankee hater's stomach churning. Hale and hearty Casey Stengel put the situation succinctly as he strutted through the clubhouse. "You men," he said, "are getting hot."

RESPONSIBILITY

In one of the late rounds of the Robinson-Pender fight last week Mr. James Powers, the voice of TV's *Gillette Corollary of Sports*, said: "Well, Pender never could punch, and now Robinson is just stopping, too." A gulping moment later, perhaps feeling the edge of a super blue blade at his throat, Mr. Powers added: "Of course, either one of these boys is liable to land a knockout blow at any time!"

COURT CASE

Bill Spivey, seven-foot-tall All-America center at Kentucky during the era of basketball's point-shaving scandals a decade ago, has been signed to a \$10,000 contract to play for the Cincinnati Royals of the National Basketball Association. Spivey has always maintained he was not involved in the Kentucky game-rigging and sits a hang jury at his perjury

trial as proof. Even so, Spivey and all other players even remotely connected with the scandals were barred forever by the NBA. Spivey now says if his contract is not approved he will sue the league for conspiracy to deny him his livelihood. It seems likely that the Royals, anxious to bolster a weak franchise, would tacitly support such a suit. The alternatives thus posed for NBA President Maurice Podoloff are to drop the ban and thus open the NBA to any player not actually convicted of a crime or to attempt to enforce it—and risk a court decision that such players are being deprived of their legal rights.

CLASS CONSCIOUS

Olympic Shotgun Candidate Dave Davis, miffed at reports that his academic program at San Fernando State College isn't exactly rigorous, defended his scholastic standing last week. "I've got a B average, and I can prove it," he said. "I'm taking five courses—methods of baseball, methods of track and field, first aid, dance and safety education."

OPEN RECOLLECTION

When golfers in the National Open play the 402-yard 16th hole at Cherry Hills Country Club in Denver this weekend they will be at the site of the highest one-hole score in the tournament's history.

In 1938, Ray Ainsley, a promising contender, was within range of the leaders until he hit a five-iron over the edge of the 16th green into a small brook about three inches deep.

"It didn't look like too tough a shot out of the stream," said Bud McKinney, Ainsley's playing partner, as he recalled the situation the other day. "But after a couple of swipes Ainsley was wet all over, and the ball had started drifting with the current back toward the tee. There we were, following Ray back as he chopped away. A gallery of 2,000 which had been with Gene Sarazen along a parallel fairway deserted Sarazen to watch Ainsley."

"The scorekeeper was a fat man," continued McKinney, "and while Ainsley was swinging away in the stream, the official stood over him like a fight referee, counting 'sevens, eight, nine.' Finally, the scorekeeper started to laugh and asked me to count for him. It was hard to do



HERO BERRA (R) GREETED HERO MANTLE

each team that beats New York) is feeling collectively sick, sick, sick.

Yankee haters always have a vague malaise, of course, like a man living next to an atomic pile, but they had reason this year to relax a little. For some time, Mickey Mantle was battling a comforting .238, opposing batters couldn't hit Ryne Duren because he hit them first, and New York left fielders tiptoed cautiously around their posture as if the grass were full of adders.

because Alsaley was wasting no time chopping at the ball. Each time it would jump about a foot and fall back. The water got so muddy that he was swinging blind. When he eventually holed out, I put down a 19 for him, but several fans came up to me later and said they counted 22 or 23."

Ralph Guidahl won the National Open that year, but around Cherry Hills it's Ray Alsaley who's best remembered: a muddy monument to golf's frustration.

PEDAL PUSHER



This high-wheeled rider will soon be seen on signs guiding cyclists around Boston's scenic Charles River Basin. Last week Heart Specialist Paul Dudley White, who has been proclaiming the health-giving virtues of cycling for more than 20 years, officially opened the 11-mile route by speeding around it in an hour and a half. Then 74-year-old Dr. White, who doubles as the president of the Committee for Safe Bicycling, presented the City of Boston with a check to pay for the signs—the better to show others the way.

EARLY KICKOFF

No larger than a fourth-down punt snaring above the horizon of a distant stadium, the football season nonetheless was clearly in view last week:

In San Francisco, Red Hickey, coach of the pro 49ers, scanned an "injury index" compiled by his team physician and ordered some of his players into hospitals and gymsnasiums. Two linemen will lose their tonnage, a center has been given weight-pumping exercises because his body is proportionally bigger than his legs, and such stars as Billy Wilson, Ed Henke and Joe Perry are in the hands of a physiotherapist who will try to strengthen specific muscles.

In Annapolis, Navy Coach Wayne Hardin decided the August heat would be too much for his squad,

scheduled "half" practice at a Rhode Island naval base instead. "We'll get much more work per unit of time," said a precise Navy spokesman.

In South Bend, the beautiful Marion bluegrass has been scraped off the Notre Dame football field and replaced with Kentucky bluegrass at a cost of \$8,860. Coach Joe Kuharich says Marion is too slippery and has caused a rash of Notre Dame knee injuries.

In Atlanta, Georgia Tech's Bobby Dodd has been considering knee injuries too, but he blames the new wide-open style of play, not the grass. "Now boys are blocking at angles, smashing into a man's knees from the side," said Dodd. "The knee is forced to give in to the side, and that's bad. You didn't used to have angle blocking of linemen." Unlike Conference Hickey, Kuharich and Hardin, Dodd has no solution for his problem.

STICKY PROBLEM

Baltimore baseball fans are stuck on their first division Orioles this year as never before. The wooden benches in the upper deck of Memorial Stadium, now seven years old, have developed splinters. "It's getting so bad," said one fidgety fan last week, "that when you stand up to cheer you sit down in fear."

CASE OF CHARACTERS

Herb Elliott, the world's fastest miler, was also the world's shaggiest when he returned to Australia last week. Hadn't wanted to pay \$2 for a haircut during his month-long U.S. visit, he said from a barber's chair at Sydney airport, where he got happily shorn for 55¢. . . . Indefatigable Satchel Paige, 45 going on 65, quit his latest baseball barnstorming tour and volunteered to pitch for the Milwaukee Braves. "With Ol' Satch they wouldn't be kicking these games away in the late innings," he said. . . . Pole-vault Indoor Record-holder Don Bragg (15 feet, 9 1/2 inches) thinks a leap of only 15 feet, one inch will win the Olympics because the runway strip at Rome is dirt, instead of the macadam used in this country. . . . The trophy for last week's Belmont Stakes was presented by a man named Joseph H. Murphy. Mr. Murphy is the head of the New York State Commission of Taxation. His take for the day was \$411,305.

FACES IN THE CROWD



LYNN HAINES, 16-year-old, grown-up blonde from Dallas, won city's open tennis championship for girls 18-and-under for second straight year, went on to capture women's senior title, set sights on Nationals this summer and Wimbledon in 1965.



HARRY SHINDLE, industrial engineer from Little Falls, N.J., earned right to represent U.S. in the Flying Dutchman class sailing races at Olympics this summer when he was three times, two seconds, one third in three race series at Clearwater, Fla.



MARGARET ELAM of Denver, Trixie, mother of seven, took an archery with her husband three years ago and won national title by winning first contest she entered, captured women's title in Trixie field archery championship at Austin for second year.



MICHAEL HILTNER, 18, of Hall Moss Bay, Calif., pedaled his way to halfbreath, broke through victory in the Nevada trial of American cycling meet at Somerville, N.J., broke the 1943 record and set an unofficial American mark of two hours, 38.7 seconds.



NATE ADAMS, 19-year-old, broke a time of 11:49.8 in a truck team, which won state championship, ran 228-yard dash in 21.5 to break city record set by Olympian Jesse Owens in 1933. Adams also equaled Olympic 100-yard mark with time of 9.7.



DICK STOCKTON, 9-year-old, broke through from Garden City, N.Y., scored a grand slam in Minneapolis junior boys tennis tournament at Pittsburgh, first took the 11-year-old title, followed with the under-13 title and ended by scoring the under-15 title.



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June 17 to June 22
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Friday, June 17

BOXING
Lester vs. Tugue, middle, 16 lbs., New York, 8 p.m., NBC.
TRACK & FIELD
N.A.A. Championships, Berkeley, Calif., under June 18.

Saturday, June 18

BASKETBALL
Boston vs. Portland, 7 p.m. • Chicago vs. Cincinnati, 10 p.m. • New York vs. Chicago, 10 p.m. • Philadelphia vs. San Francisco, 10 p.m. •

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Nelson vs. Borgatta, heavy, Newport, R.I.
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GOLF
N.A.A. Championships, final day, Elginwood, Calif., 9 a.m. • NBC.

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TWO WAYS TO GO HOME

A whole new generation of baseball fans has grown up since the day in April 1947 when Branch Rickey cracked organized baseball's color line by purchasing a first baseman named Jack Roosevelt Robinson. In little more than a decade that crack has brought baseball's entire wall of prejudice tumbling down, and today's fan cheers a roster of heroes whose skin color is of no more concern to their idolaters—or even their detractors—than the texture of Ty Cobb's toe-nails. So completely, in fact, has the Negro established himself in the ball park that the younger generation may find it hard to believe the trouble he once had getting past the gate.

This, of course, is a salutary sign of baseball's present maturity, but there are those who remember its growing pains all too vividly. In *Well till Next Year*, a highly readable autobiography just published by Random House, Jackie Robinson himself (with the help of Carl Rowan) provides many poignant and bitter reminders of the troubled past. There is nothing mellow or complacent about Jackie's memory of the early days. The first Negro in big league baseball was a high-spirited and hot-tempered man who had often to hold his tongue in mock humility while earning by excellence the right to blow off steam like the least of his colleagues. He was—and still is—constantly and electrically aware of his status as a soldier in the forefront of battle. As such he was contemptuous and impatient of the milder attitudes of those who pursued the course of peace.

"I have never felt that there was any dispute between [Roy] Campanella and me as individuals," Jackie writes of one of his best-known fellow pioneers. "Still, it has never been a secret that Campy and I are poles apart in our views on how to deal with racial injustice. I cannot for a moment pretend that I was pleased to see Campy write in the *Saturday Evening Post*: 'I've never had much

trouble with white or colored folks anywhere. . . . That's because I never tried to push things too hard or too fast.'"

It is not our place to adjudicate a dispute between two fine men on how best to serve their race. We can and do honor both Campy and Jackie, however, for their contribution to baseball not only as great players but as trail blazers who cleared the way for so many more great players. The paths they chose were widely divergent, but each, we think, led to a better national game. It was Jackie Robinson's tireless and truculent refusal to accept a backstairs status that assured the Negro a proper front room in baseball's house. It was Roy Campanella's boundless humanity, transcending race and prejudice, that made him warm and welcome, an accepted member of the family.

ONE RULE FOR A CROWN

The horse that won the Kentucky Derby by three and a half lengths at Churchill Downs last month lost the Belmont Stakes by an even greater margin in New York last week. Since horse racing is at best an uncertain pastime, there is nothing very remarkable about this, except that in the case of Venetian Way an added factor may—or may not—have contributed in some degree to the reversal.

It has never been definitely established that Venetian Way was under the influence of a drug called Butazolidin when he won the Derby. Gossip persists that he was, and though his trainer denies authorizing any dosage, there is no legal reason why he shouldn't have. The administration of this analgesic to ease the discomfort of equine stiffness or soreness is common in all racing circles, and Kentucky authorities permit and even encourage its use in races. Racing authorities in other states permit the use of Butazolidin only when horses are training, not racing, a ruling we think wise since any kind of medication affecting a horse's running ability may be used to influence the outcome of a race.

More important, however, than the question of whether Butazolidin in itself is good or bad is the inconsistency of permitting it at one track and forbidding it at another. In simple fairness to the Thoroughbreds competing each year for the Triple Crown, all of its races should be run under the same rules.



what happened to gravity?

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Any of the Fairchild dealers listed at the right will gladly demonstrate. And ask for your free copy of the fascinating new booklet, "At Last! Home Movies with Sound" or write Fairchild, Box 609, Dept. L, Yonkers, N.Y.

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Hearing is believing!

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WHY INGO WILL

Patterson has planned a new defense
against Ingo's right and
a new way through to Ingo's jaw,
but it seems in vain

by MARTIN KANE

Drawings by Robert Riger

PATTERSON'S VIEW OF THE FIGHT

Ingo's lethal punch, underrated by Floyd,
shot through porcupine defense last time.

DO IT AGAIN

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 22, 1960

THE CHILLY-EYED young man looking out at you between the boxing gloves (opposite) and the embittered young man staring into his dark and private thoughts (below) are about to settle an argument that began on a wet June night a year ago.

Heavyweight Champion Ingemar Johansson and ex-Champion Floyd Patterson will fight at New York's Polo Grounds on the night of June 20 so that boxing's disputatious world may know if a mere lucky punch won the world title for Johansson.

No one in the Johansson camp, not even anyone in the Patterson camp, believes it was a lucky punch—that straight right hand that thundered through Patterson's peekaboo defense in the third round for the first of seven successive knockdowns. But it came so suddenly, after so little other offensive action by Johansson, that many of Patterson's lay followers and a surprising lot of gamblers have rejected all other explanations.

Perhaps the Robert Riger drawings on these pages will persuade the skeptical that it was not plain luck but plane geometry that Floyd Patterson is up against. Last year Riger visited Johansson in his training camp and



GOBBY, ENOUGH

Patterson will retain the peekaboo ("I won the title with it"), but he will fight from a more upright stance, abandoning the crouch he's used in recent years.

came away with a portfolio of drawings showing how Ingie hoped to defeat Floyd (SI, June 23, 1959). This time Riger went to see Patterson, and Floyd explained the various ideas he had for coping with Johansson. But the Johansson style is the very antithesis of the Patterson style, no matter how Floyd varies it. Johansson's basic punching is straight-line punching—the jab and the straight right.

Patterson's basic punching is curved punching—hooks with either hand. The curves require Patterson to move in close, passing through an area of extreme danger if he is to do damage. But, like a battleship with 16-mile guns fighting a battleship with 14-mile guns, Johansson can stand off at a safe distance and still hit his opponent.

continued

FLOYD: "You have to understand . . ."

TOLD TO ROBERT RIGER

"The most important thing you can't get any picture of, because the most important thing for me is my mental attitude."

"I'd say he was a cog fighter. . . . He would do anything not to get hit."

"I think Johansson is strictly a counterpuncher. . . . He doesn't take chances. He lets you come first."

"What I'm banking on in this next fight is that he will be overconfident, that he will come out and box with me."

"What you have to understand is that [in the

last fight] I had no respect for Johansson at all. This was the trouble."

"I would say Ingemar's job doesn't have real power. . . . It doesn't annoy you much."

"When you're fighting Johansson, it wouldn't do you much good to slip his jab because he's always moving back."

"I never saw anyone carry the right hand the way he does. He carries it like he got diamonds in it."

"If I lose then I still will have the most thrilling thing of all—the money."



This fact is so clear to Patterson that in training he has made two obvious changes in his style. Instead of crouching, as in recent fights, he has reverted to his earlier, almost upright, stance, the one that served him so well against Archie Moore. This automatically brings his fists closer to his opponent. And he has put in

long, dreary hours working on his jab, a straight punch he uses in but one that he seldom has bothered to use. After he won the title by knocking out Moore, Patterson settled deeper and deeper into the crouch, a defensive position from which it is impossible to jab.

"The crouch does not apply in this fight," Patterson told me a couple of weeks ago.



PATTERSON TO THE LEFT

Floyd can jab to body (on elbow) or head and then try to use the hook, which is the most powerful punch he has in his arsenal.



INGEMAR'S DEFENSIVE PERIMETER

The overhead views on these two pages dramatically illustrate the circular barrier Floyd Patterson must penetrate if he is to win back the championship he lost a year ago. Johansson's odd stance and constantly extended left hand, which swings in a wide arc to meet any advance by his opponent, is basic to his defense and is the launching pad for his big offensive weapon, the right hand. His right foot is far back to permit instant retreat. The champion's jab has been derided as very weak, but it is the key to his defense. He turns the key by circling to his left, away from Patterson's left hook. This circling right represent an opportunity for Patterson's right hand, except that Johansson's left shoulder then protects his chin (see below). Johansson's offensive advantage lies in another geometric principle: a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. He defeated Patterson in the last fight with a straight right.



PATTERSON TO THE RIGHT

Johansson's typical response is to hide his chin behind his shoulder.

It certainly did not apply in the last fight. Patterson was starting to rise from a crouch when Johansson caught him with a left hook that moved his head directly into the path of the instantly following right.

This is not to say that Patterson has abandoned the bob and weave. He will have to bob and weave in order to present a moving target. He apparently has remembered the sound

criticism Moore offered him after the first fight in a letter of brotherly sympathy. "You moved everything but your head," Archie told him.

Aside from these changes, Patterson will operate much as before. He will hold gloves against cheeks in the familiar peekaboo guard, he will almost certainly leap at Johansson at least once, and he will try to get close enough to start those six- and seven-

punch combinations that used to work so beautifully.

He will be bigger, too. In training he has maintained his weight at a surprising 192 pounds, 10 pounds more than he weighed against Johansson the last time. Johansson has trained at 196 pounds and hopes to weigh 196 on the day of the fight. It is what he weighed a year ago.

continued

JOHANSSON'S STRATEGIC RETREAT

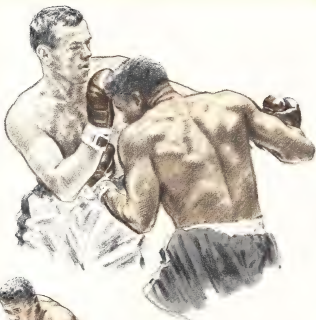
In their first fight Patterson found himself confronted by a fading ghost. Only once was he able to get close to Johansson, and when that happened, in the second round, he was instantly clinched. Johansson has astonishingly fast feet for such a big man (his footwork is superior to Patterson's), and he uses them to keep out of harm's way while he chooses his own time to attack. One reason Patterson has stopped crashing is that he discovered last year that he was unable to catch the swift Johansson from a crouch. By brushing the jab to the left, Patterson has a fair chance to cross his right over the jab at the brief instant when Johansson's chin is not protected by his shoulder. Or, as he has done so many times in other fights, Patterson might try his famous "sompsoo" leap (see right) to get within range.



THE LEAP

It is dangerous and depends on surprise to avoid a right or left counter.





THE LEFT STARTS

Most Patterson combinations, for which he became famous, start with a hook to the side.

THE LEFT INSIDE

Patterson must get in close because his punches travel in arcs rather than straight lines (see left). He has used this left to the body before and has been digging it to sparring partners' bodies with significant frequency. One reason he has been concentrating on this punch is that Johansson's elbows usually are in the way of standard hooks to the side. The blow shown here combines the virtues of the standard hook with the virtues of the uppercut. Landing under the heart, it can do enormous damage, severely weakening the opponent and forcing him to drop the hands that protect his chin. The effect of such a punch, fighters say, is sometimes not fully felt until the following round. Patterson has used it with devastating effect against Pete Rademacher. Since he does not ordinarily take fighters out with a single punch, but depends on attrition, Patterson must find his way to Johansson's body, perhaps by dropping suddenly under Johansson's raised fists (above right) to close.

BUCKING UNDER INGO'S LEFT

This bobbing move might open the door for Patterson to find Ingemar's body.



CONDS TO THE HEAD

Patterson fights well inside, can throw barbs of punches to head.



THE BIG FIGHT *continued*

Bigger and straighter though he be, Patterson's problem remains the same. He must find a way through Johansson's Leather Curtain. Johansson is issuing no visas. Shortly after the first fight, lurching on his usual black coffee, Johansson told me:

"I knew I must do one thing. I knew I must not let him start his whoosh-whoosh."

"Whoosh-whoosh" is Swedish for the swift Patterson combinations to body and head. Their characteristic pattern, though he varies it, is to start with a left hook to the body, then work up to the head with what once was incredible speed. Patterson's only happy memory of the last fight is a left hook that tore into Johansson's belly, forcing Johansson to clinch rather than counter. Patterson soothes himself that Johansson winced under the blow.

Though Johansson's massive arms and elbows usually are in the way of such attempts at body hooking, Patterson has worked diligently on a punch that may well penetrate the champion's lower guard. It is a hook (opposite page) that travels straighter

than most, and upward, pointed for the opponent's heart. If Johansson's guard comes down to protect his body he will be in serious trouble. The Patterson of June 1960 is a chagrined young man savagely determined to put body and soul into his first knockout opportunity.

Defeat has changed Patterson to an extraordinary degree. A most retiring champion, he seldom made public appearances, spoke softly and deferentially when he did speak, and carried himself with a humility that, while it gave him a certain charm, did not seem to fit his title. Now he moves with an air of command about his training camp, a converted Connecticut roadhouse which has its ring on the dance floor. He talks freely, bluntly and sometimes brusquely. Perhaps this change is due partly to the fact that Cas D'Amato, the now unlicensed manager who guided him to the title, has been barred from the camp by New York state's attorney general. But it seems to be caused more by Patterson's resentment that the world has greeted Ingemar as champion far more cordially than it ever greeted Floyd.

Floyd knows that this stems largely

ly from the glowing, outgoing personality of the new champion. Even so, he resented it when some writers—including this one—took the view that Ingemar's accession was good for boxing, on the ground that the sport saw its best days when colorful personalities ruled the heavyweight division. He is also shocked that many Americans rooted for the Swede, just as years ago many Americans rooted for the French Carpentier against the American Dempsey. He forgets that the world of sport should know neither race nor nationality and that, in fact, some few Swedes roared and will be rooting for him.

Patterson admires, perhaps even envies, the way Johansson capitalized so heavily and quickly on his championship with movie and TV appearances, European exhibitions and product endorsements. (Johansson recently refused to pose with a pile of salami unless he was paid \$5,000. Patterson, amused in an unbusinesslike way, was pleased to pose for nothing.) But there is a slight edge to Floyd's remark that "anybody who acts has to be ostentatious."

All of this means that Patterson, motivated

for the first time since he became champion, is in just the right mood for a fight. As the mood has developed, his old talents have sharpened. Except for size, he looks now very like the gifted stripling who became heavyweight champion younger than anyone before. At a mere 25 he challenges the legend that heavyweight champions can never come back. The legend was established by beaten champions far past their prime. Patterson is just entering his prime.

As for Johansson, he is, by contrast, a most happy fellow. Sometimes, between rounds of his arduous training at Grossinger's Catskill Mountains resort, he sings a few matches of song. He is learning to cha-cha-cha, he basks by the swimming pool with his sweetheart Birgit, he plays fond uncle to Brother Rolf's new daughter, and he terrorizes the promoters by riding horseback ineptly and flying mail planes rather well.

But he also works astonishingly hard. He boxes as many as seven rounds each day, to Patterson's four or five, and then does up to nine more rounds of bag-punching, rope-skipping and banging around his special contraption, the erratic shagbald, a punching device he adapted from a Swedish sport for girls.

Just as he did last year, Johansson treats his sparring partners gently, though he occasionally has thrown the right hand he concealed so well in 1953. But he has not thrown it really hard. Once,uffed that a sparring partner was so fresh as to hit him after the bell, Johansson's temper flared and he cuffed the impudence out of him like an angry bear dapping an ineptest cub. Actually, the only important change in Ingemar is that, at the insistence of the renowned Whitey Bernstein, his American trainer, he has been working on a stiffer, stronger jab.

The old jab, weak though it was, was one of the very important factors in his winning the title. It was, in the first place, a barrier to Patterson's lunges, but Johansson used it also as a stage magician uses misdirection. Constantly in Patterson's face, it served to fix Floyd's mind on the left hand. In time Floyd forgot about the right hand, which he never had believed in anyway.

Now that the right hand has been established as a reality it is a little startling that bookmaker odds around New York have been quoted at 6 to 5, take your choice, which is even money on a friend-to-friend basis and smells slightly of publicity. In realistic Las Vegas, where money talks louder than press agents, the odds

have recently been a more sensible 8 to 5, Johansson favored. He was a 5-to-1 underdog last time.

Putting the odds aside, one must consider a Patterson who seems reborn to his true stature as a heavyweight against a Johansson with just the style to offset the standard Patterson move. So far Johansson is undefeated as a professional, so far he has knocked out 14 of his 22 opponents, and it does seem here that he is about to do it again.

He might even do it with a left hook. Four of those 14 knockouts, as he recalls them, were made with the hook. Instead of going through the peekaboo with a straight right, as last time, he sees in the peekaboo a chance to use the left. To start an attack, Patterson must move one or the other of his gloves from its defensive position. At such an instant Johansson may be in a position to beat him to the punch with a hook.

The inventor of the peekaboo, Gus D'Amato, has conceded that the style is dangerous unless it is used by someone approximately as fast as the very speedy Patterson. It is also dangerous against someone like the very speedy, very powerful Johansson.

For the first time D'Amato will not be in Patterson's corner. Floyd insists that this will make no difference, but when the question was brought up he raised his voice in what seemed like anger.

"Gus is my manager," he barked. "He handles business matters. But is all my fights I have never once looked to my corner for advice."

With Patterson's smoldering umbrage at all that has happened to him since he lost the title, with the reawakening of his basically fine talents, with his new knowledge of and respect for Johansson's big punch, it ought to be a far better fight than the last one. But for some reason the promotion, perhaps because of a late and uncertain start, has failed to stimulate the interest in the return that burned so brightly after that dramatic night in Yankee Stadium. Simple financial success seems certain, because TelePrompTer, main backer of the first fight, bid itself into this one with a sufficiency of \$700,000 for theater television, radio and such rights, but the Polo Grounds gate may not be as big as it should be.

If so, it is a pity. It could be a sight to remember.

END

... BUT!

INGO HAS A LEFT

Earlier Johansson victims could warn Patterson he may be knocked out by a left hook while guarding against Johansson right.





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FRENCH FOOD FOR THOUGHT

by CHARLES GOREN

The world bridge champions won with straightforward bids—and some exotic 'canapés'

It would be exciting to report that behind the French victory in the World Bridge Team Olympiad at Turin last month (SI, May 16) was a marvelous new system of bidding that was so clever in its conception, so precise in its signals that the whole game of bridge had been revolutionized—and for the better. It is true that two of the French players, René Bacherich and Pierre Ghestem, did operate with a totally different kind of bidding, but their method was so detailed (see bar) that even they had a hard time keeping track of it. It is also true that the other French pairs employed the felicitous and in many ways delightful bidding wrinkle known as canapé. But neither of these departures played a dominant role in the outcome.

The French—Bacherich and Ghes-

tem, Pierre Jula, Roger Trézel, Gérard Bourchtoff and Claude Delmouly and their nonplaying captain, Baron Robert de Nexon—simply outgeneraled and outplayed the top team of 24 other countries, including the four teams representing the U.S. And, in doing it, they exploded the myth that today only a complex bidding system can win the world title. Indeed, if there were one essential point to be made about the Olympiad, it would be that teams that stuck closest to natural bidding did the best.

The real surprise in the tournament was the collapse of the Italians. Using the same intricate "suspensystems" that had brought them the world title three years running, the Italians won only one of five matches in the finals and finished sixth. One reason, I think, is obvious. They missed the leadership of their nonplaying captain, Can'Alberto Perroux, who was taken ill on the eve of the finals. The Italians held their two strongest pairs session after ses-

sion until one of them, through sheer exhaustion, played badly. Perroux, I am almost certain, would have substituted more freely and Italy would have done better.

The same might be said of the Americans. They had been convinced that only the Italians stood between them and the world championship. It came as a shock, therefore, that the French and the British topped them. But by the final rounds the Americans were weary and disorganized, too. Although our teams also were led by nonplaying captains, in no case did the captain wield the same sort of absolute authority given to the Europeans. It may be that before a U.S. team does finally win a world title again it will have to adopt the European idea.

Baron de Nexon, in fact, may have won the Olympiad for the Frenchmen by effectively juggling his lineup so as to rest the pair he thought was showing signs of wear. One point is certain. In studying the hands played in the Olympiad, I observed few cases where the exotic bidding method of Bacherich and Ghestem provided any substantial return for the brain-busting effort of memorizing the cryptograms in which they encoded each bid. Remember—in tournament play no pair can have secrets. The opponents need only ask a question to get the full import of every bid, and often this extra information helps them to defend.

The Jula-Trézel and Bourchtoff-Delmouly pairs, by contrast, used a style in which most of their bids meant exactly what they seemed to say. The principal difference between their methods and those followed by most experts were these: 1) in combination with the artificial two-club

HOW THE BACHERICH-GHESTEM BIDDING SYSTEM WORKS

Even when they read the details of the system played by Bacherich-Ghestem, their opponents didn't feel they understood it—and no wonder. One of the basic principles in the "relay" bid, which doesn't mean anything except a request for more information from partner. Most often, the relay bid is used by the responder consists of a bid in the suit just above the opener's suit.

Opening bids of one club and two clubs are artificial; one club is reinforcing, two clubs forcing to game. But while two diamonds is a strong bid, two hearts and two spades are weak. One no trump is strong—18 to 21 point—but three no trump is weak and shows a long minor suit.

No-trump responses give some idea of this system's complexity: any response but two clubs or four clubs is a transfer bid,

requiring opener to rebid in the next higher suit. Four clubs asks for action; two clubs asks for a five-card suit. Without a five-card suit, opener bids two diamonds and if responder then makes a new relay bid of two hearts, opener bids his four-card suit or vice versa: Two spades shows four spades; three hearts shows four hearts; three spades or three no trump shows four of each major; three clubs shows four clubs and four hearts; three diamonds shows four diamonds and four hearts. Having faithfully shown four-card suits, if responder makes a new relay—absolutely possible bid in next suit—opener bids his shortest suit!

There are further refinements of the method, each step more bewildering than the last. I think we can be grateful that, for the most part, the French relied on natural bidding to win. Bridge is complicated enough—there is no need to make it inexplicable.

opening, which they employed as a game force on very big hands, they used opening two-bids in the other three suits to show hands not quite powerful enough to insist on partner keeping the bidding open even with a bust; and 2) in bidding strong hands they used the canapé method created by the late Pierre Albarran.

Canapé gets its name from the small tidbits served before the main course. In the canapé bidding style, the shorter suit is mentioned before the longer and stronger one. This method has two main virtues: 1) it tells partner he can safely pass the second bid if he has a weak hand, 2) if responder makes a further bid, it indicates some real values. Noransers of canapé sometimes get overboard because responder, with equal strength (or equal weakness), goes back to the opener's first suit. Sometimes the opener's first suit isn't as good as his second; sometimes the opener is unduly encouraged by this "preference" and makes the one further bid that takes his side too high.

Occasionally, in order to make use of their canapé method, the French players first bid a three-card suit in preference to a good five-carder or even a six-carder. In the following deal from the crucial match against the hitherto undefeated English, the French *hors d'oeuvre* style served them well.

The deal also serves to illustrate another point in international team competition: a part-score deal will frequently create a substantial swing when reckoned in International Match Points.

	NORTH	
Each side not vulnerable	♠ K 10 8 7	
East dealer	♥ 3	
	♦ K J 8 5	
	♣ 8 5 3	
	WEST	
	♠ 6	
	♥ Q J 4	
	♦ 8 7 2 2	
	♣ J 8 7 4 2	
	EAST	
	♠ A 9 5	
	♥ K 10 6 3 2	
	♦ A 4	
	♣ K Q J 10	
	SOUTH	
	♠ Q J 4 3 2	
	♥ A 8 7	
	♦ Q J 10 6	
	♣ A 6	

With France playing East-West, the bidding went:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1♥	Pass	1N	Pass
2♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening bid: South 7



JANIS AND TREZEL (LEFT, RIGHT) PLAY U.S.'S SAM STAYMAN (TOP), MORTON RUBINOW

East's opening spade bid cannot be considered psychic. Trézel was using the canapé method. When he bid hearts, his real suit. West knew that East had a good hand as well as good hearts. But the spade bid stole that suit from the opponents.

The opening lead of the heart, plus the fortuitous club distribution which prevented the defenders from blocking that suit, let East make four-odd. He won the first lead with dummy's heart jack and led a club. South won the club king with the ace and continued by leading ace and another trump, aiming to prevent dummy from ruffing a spade. But East got rid of two spades on dummy's long clubs and surrendered only the trump ace, the club ace and one trick in diamonds. Making four-odd was worth 170 points to France, counting the bonus of 50 for making a part score.

Should East have gone to four hearts? Perhaps so. If he had, North-South might have sacrificed at four spades, down one. Then too, against

a spade opening followed by perfect defense, four hearts might have been beyond declarer's reach.

The bidding in the other room, with France playing the North-South cards, was keenly competitive:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1♥	1♥	2♥	2♥
2♥	2♥	3♥	3♥
3♥	3♥	4♥	4♥

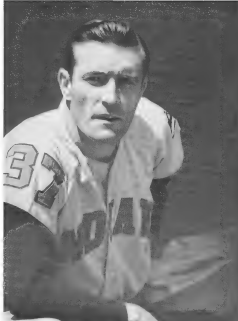
Opening bid: East 1♥

There was no problem in the play. South lost a trick in each suit, exactly making his contract for a score for the French of 140.

This gave the French a total of 310 on the combined result at the two tables for a gain of 4 IMPs.

Where canapé served the French well in the previous deal, it proved a disadvantage in the following one against my team, the only one to beat the French in the round-robin finals. Because Trézel and Janus used canapé, it robbed them of the chance

continued on page 48



A HERO

Jimmy Piersall explains the antics that cause as much excitement as his fine play

by WALTER BINGHAM

EVERY YEAR AGO Jimmy Piersall lay in the violent room of the Westborough State Hospital near Boston and reflected on a water tower he could see from his window. "There it stood," he wrote later in his book *Fear Strikes Out*, "high and solid, almost majestic, and, more than anything else, normal. . . . That's what I want to be—normal and commonplace—an average guy. I don't ever again want to be different."

During recent weeks, Jimmy Piersall, now center fielder for the Cleveland Indians, has been at various times sensational, irritating, colorful, heroic and comical, but the one thing he has not been is commonplace. As a player this season he has hit eight home runs, has stolen nine bases, has hit well over 300 and has made unbelievable catches (see page 30). He has played daring, aggressive baseball and his obvious desire to win has kept the Indians alert. "We'd be dead without him," said Frank Lane, Cleveland general manager.

MEMORIAL JIMMY PIERSALL IS THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT PERSONALITY IN BASEBALL

STARTING TOWARD FIRST BASE AFTER HITTING A SINGLE, PIERSALL FELL BACK AT FIELDERS DINING HIM FROM YANKEE QUODDUT



OF MANY MOODS

As a personality, currently the most controversial in the game, Pierall this season has argued fiercely with umpires and catchers, has been tossed out of a game and fined, has thrown an orange and a baseball at Bill Veck's fancy scoreboard, has sprayed insecticide at flying bugs in the outfield during a game, has been bombarded by paper clips, firecrackers and flashlight batteries from the stands, has tossed bats, gloves, batting helmets and even a metal bucket from the dugout onto the field, has been called unfortunate names by fans and has, at least once, broken down in tears in the clubhouse.

For seven years after his release from the hospital, most of which time he was with the Boston Red Sox, Jimmy Pierall emulated his water tower. His play, while good, was comparatively subdued. Last year he was traded to Cleveland and spent much of the season sitting in the obscurity of the bullpen (which he prefers to the dugout). Now, as the result of his fine play and his extraordinary antics, Pierall's name has been in big print. Some newspapermen insist that this is exactly what Pierall wants, that his wild acts are publicity gimmicks. "You'll notice that he saves his best shows for the big weekend

and holiday crowds," said one writer. But one of Pierall's teammates pointed out, not without logic, that a person as high-strung as Pierall naturally would be more subject to tantrums in front of large crowds.

Jimmy Pierall is 30 years old, is married and has seven children and a fine home in Newtonville, Mass. He is a handsome man, trim and well groomed, with flashing brown eyes. Smiling, he is the most friendly looking player in baseball. But when he grows tense, the smile disappears and the lower jaw tightens, revealing clenched teeth. His eyes grow hard and he does not look friendly at all.

Last week in New York, over a breakfast of fried eggs and sausages, which, in his enthusiasm to talk, he barely ate, Jimmy Pierall discussed his play this season, his recent antics and the problems he confronts.

"This story ought to begin in spring training," he said, pushing aside his plate. "You know I didn't get to play much last year. During the winter I asked Bucky Harris, the general manager of the Red Sox, if he couldn't make a trade to get me back to Boston. Of course, my home is there, my wife Mary and the kids. Let me give you their names because people like to read about families: there's Eileen

—she's 9—Dorcas, 8, Claire, 7, Jimmy Jr., 6, Maura Ann, 4, Kathleen, 2½, and Ann, 8 months. So Harris agreed he'd try to make a deal. Later Frank Lane told me Cleveland offered me in a trade to Harris but that Harris said he didn't want me. I just mention this to show you how I was feeling this spring. On the plane to Arizona I sat with Billy Jargus, the Red Sox manager. I told Jargus that if I didn't do well this year I was going to quit.

"Out in Arizona—I was there a week early, by the way—I practiced hitting against the pitching machine. I tried to hit ground balls instead of fly balls. [Manager Joe Gordon of the Indians calls this "curing Pierall's Fenway Park swing."] When the exhibition games started, I was hitting line drives. Even the outs were line drives. Bill Rigney told me I looked good. Joe Gordon said the center-field job was mine until I proved I couldn't handle it.

"Then along comes Bond [Rookie Walter Bond]. He's 6 feet 6 and hits them a mile. I couldn't compete with that. I mean, I'm trying to hit ground balls and he's hitting home runs. I was sick. He wasn't a center fielder, not by a long shot, but he got the job. It's tough to lose your job that way. But I worked hard and stayed ready."

Just before the season began, the Indians traded Rocky Colavito for Harvey Kuenn. On Opening Day, Kuenn played center, Bond played

(continued on page 62)

AFTER USING OUT, PIERALL KICKS FEROCIOUSLY AT PITCHER'S MOUND



WAITING TO HIT, PIERALL FLASHES A FRIENDLY SMILE







The Indian Heston Lopez hit the ball, Cleveland's Jimmy Piersall started back toward deep center field (top), running desperately, almost out of control. Near the center fence, he lunged to his right and made the catch just before alarming against the wall. It was the first catch in Fenway Stadium since Joe DiMaggio caught a Hank Greenberg drive in 1959.

Catch as Catch Can



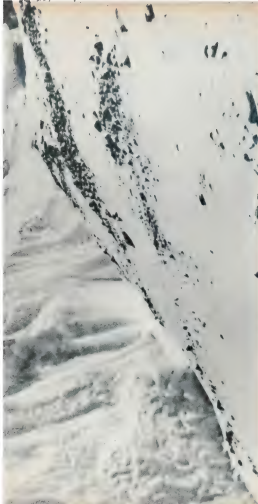
Power on the River

Photograph by Alan L. Thomas



Like frisky polliwogs, 24 utility outboards, part of a fleet of 82, spurt down the Detroit River past Con Edison Electric's looming power plant at the start of Detroit's annual spring outboard marathon. Breeze and freighter traffic were light, but before the 50-mile run to Trenton, Mich. and back was over, boat racers had survived 31 minor mishaps, two flips and a stove-in hull.





This picture, from the French Communist newspaper *L'Humanité*, shows a Red Chinese mountain-climbing expedition making its way up the lower slopes of the northern, or Chinese, side of Mount Everest. *L'Humanité* says the Chinese made it to the top. Now the Communists are reported to be claiming Everest as their own.

Chinese on the Climb

THE MAN WHO KIDNAPED CANOEING

His son Don is the Middle West's
only paddler, but Ray Dodge
of Michigan got the U.S.
championships for his home town

by GILBERT ROGIN



RAY DODGE BALANCES OLYMPIC KAYAK IN FRONT OF HIS MICHIGAN HOME

THE National Championship and Olympic prep canoeing regatta is being held this weekend on the St. Joseph River off Red Bud Trail in Buchanan, Mich. (pop. 6,100). Buchanan is in the heart of an area that might be described as a veritable coldbed of canoeing. There is, in fact, only one Olympic-type canoeist in Michigan, or for that matter, if you ignore Ohio—which is considered East—the entire Midwest. He is Don Dodge, 19, a bass trombonist studying at the Eastman School of Music, who lives in neighboring Niles, Mich. (pop. 13,476). The other 99 U.S. canoeists live and paddle almost exclusively in the East.

The tournament has been brought west to Don Dodge, instead of Don going east to the tournament, as a result of the persistent clamoring of a burly, visionary 42-year-old Niles

sales consultant named Raymond A. Dodge, who happens to be Don's father. "It was like moving the mountain to Mohammed," Dodge Sr. crowed when he was awarded the regatta, which was last held in the Midwest in 1933. Dodge is the fund raising chairman for the U.S. Olympic Canoeing Committee, general chairman of this weekend's regatta and the exclusive U.S. dealer for Kobbervag, a Danish canoe builder. Although he has been active in canoeing only two years, he is the sport's noisiest missionary.

Dodge is so immersed in canoes that he feels compelled to punctuate his conversation with apologetic asides. "I'm crazy, I guess," he will mutter, or "Maybe I'm nuts," or "People will think I'm weird." His excuse for bringing the tournament to Michigan is his conviction that the East has al-

lowed canoeing to decline—indeed, to fall. In his view the midwestern resurgence, represented by Don, outweighs the eastern collapse.

Even if one concedes that Dodge has personal reasons for his view, it is a regrettable fact that U.S. canoeists are, like the dinosaur, mysteriously dwindling, unaring and unnoticed except by their immediate families.

In Europe, on the other hand, there are thousands of canoeists, thousands cheer them, and the sport is flourishing. As a melancholy consequence, since 1936, when canoeing first was included on the Olympic program, no American has placed higher than third in a kayak race, and that solitary bronze medal was won in 1936. We once fared creditably in the canoes called *Canadiens* (see *ôur*). In 1948 the U.S. won the 16,000-meter two-man canoe race and was second in the

1,000-meter doubles and 10,000-meter singles. And in the 1952 games Frank Havers won a gold medal for the U.S. in the 10,000-meter singles. At Melbourne, however, he finished eighth in the same event. Havers remains our finest Canadian-type paddler, alas. He is now 38 and not improving, but he probably will represent the U.S. again this summer in Rome.

This thought afflicts Dodge like a monstrosity, but unlike Jib he belabors and fumes. "What we want," he says, "is to develop the canoe as a competitive tool. We as a nation cannot say we should keep canoeing for after-dinner and weekend paddlers. As long as we're going to send a team to the Olympics we should do everything in our power to develop one equal to the Europeans."

Some of the Olympic canoeists no longer concern themselves with such erudite questions as whether they are truly qualified, Dodge says, and the Olympics has become a paid vacation for them. "I don't mean," he adds, "that they don't try to win. But because of pressures of business, they can't spend the necessary time."

In his passion and his wrath, Dodge does not consider relevant the fact that, until Don Dodge, the eastern clubs had all the canoeists. There should have been more canoeists, a lot more, Dodge believes, and the Easterners should have used modern sales techniques to create them, especially in the colleges.

The trouble is that the Easterners have tried to interest the colleges but, like Dodge, they have run into a soft pillow of snail. And the Easterners do work. Nobody else does, however. John Anderson of the Yankees (N.Y.) Canoe Club, who has been a leading canoeist for 13 years, answers Dodge's charges with the air of the sympathetic but tired reformer. "We work hard at canoeing but we don't get any results," he says. "If I asked you to spend three hours every night on the river, what would you say? That's what it takes. You can't seem to get through to people about canoeing but we work at it."

In his massive assault on the East, Dodge also sought the Olympic Selection Regatta for Niles-Buchanan but lost it because of what he calls, darkly, "politics" (It was awarded to Lake Sebago, N.Y. July 16 and 17). Actually, the Olympic trials are handed out on a rotation basis to the established

eastern clubs which, despite our sorry international record, are the only permanent, floating canoe flotilla in the United States.

"There's a lot of politics in canoeing," Anderson concedes. "We do more fighting and arguing than we do racing. But if Ray can bring two new competitors into canoeing, it's a good thing. Ray's a tremendous fellow. He tries to do everything. He talks about it but so far I haven't seen anything. I've heard a lot."

continued

THE OLYMPIC CANOE

There are two classes of Olympic canoes: Canadians, called C-type boats, and kayakers, called K-type boats. There are two kinds of Canadians, the C-1 for the single paddler (below, left) and the C-2 for two paddlers. Kayakers also come in the K-1 (below, right) and K-2 skis.

Canadians have a 16-inch deck forward but are otherwise as open as the traditional canoe. The C-1 canoeist kneels on one knee in the center of the Canadian and is permitted to paddle on one side only. He steers by rocking the boat.

The C-1 is 17 feet long, has a 28-inch beam and a short keel streamlined into the hull. The C-2, in which the paddlers kneel together and paddle on opposite sides in unison, is the same length as the C-1, slightly deeper, has a full keel and weighs the same as the C-1, or 44 pounds. The familiar 17-foot wooden canoe, by contrast, weighs 85 pounds.

Both C's are paddled by men over 500- and 1,000-meter courses. "The C's take a great deal more skill and

Because Dodge wanted it that way, the nationals are being held earlier in the year than they usually are. This has brought its own problems. As Anderson says, "The kids will just be out of high school and college and won't have a chance to get trained up." Dodge thinks this is nonsense and grumbles in reply: "New York will be here grudgingly. They're going to do their utmost to prove I am horribly wrong. But

muscle than the K's," says one expert. "They're gut-busters. C's have no value as a touring craft. They're just about sinking all the time."

Kayakers are propelled by a two-bladed paddle. The canoeist sits on an adjustable seat in the cockpit and steers by means of a rudder and a tiller bar which he operates with his feet. Kayakers are vastly more popular and numerous than Canadians. They are easy to paddle, touring models have plenty of room for sleeping gear and they can take heavy loads. "But," counsels the same expert, "this is not a canoe for romancing. You have to tend to business or you'll be swimming. No sweet sets, as they say at the Summit."

The K-1 is a sly 17 foot long, has a 28-inch beam and weighs a twinkling 27 pounds. The K-2 is 21 feet long, has a 28-inch beam and weighs 46 pounds. Both boats are paddled in the Olympics by men over a 1,000-meter course, by women over 500 meters. There is, in addition, a four-man K-1 relay of 2,000 meters.



I think they may get slickened."

One way may be if Don Dodge paddles as furiously as his father speaks. "He can put us on the canoeing map," Dodge says proudly. "He's a longhair with a crew-cut. He's been in canoes just a year but I think he has a fair chance of making the Olympic team." Dodge is not boasting. Of the 160 Olympic-type canoeists, only 20 are genuinely proficient—including men older than Frank Havens—and there are 13 competitors' berths on the team, three of them for women.

One reason for canoeing's aggressive unpopularity may be modern design. The canoe got its start when early man hollowed out a log with fire and thus invented the canoe to fall out of. It was the Eskimo who invented the kayak. Unlike the canoe,

said with emotion. "We cannot frighten our youth."

"I've never had a feeling of instability," Dodge bristles. "The canoe isn't unstable. What is unstable is the guy that's in it. Where would the bicycle and roller-skate industry be if you were expected to master them the first time out?"

A graduate of the Illinois Institute of Technology with a B.S. in architectural engineering, Dodge was sales promotion and advertising manager for Kawner, a Niles firm which makes aluminum store fronts (Main Street is virtually armored with the stuff), before he set up his own business. He wasn't always transported by canoes (he still owns a Thirlie and two iceboats and lands them with equal fervor), nor can he pin down exactly what sparked his enthusiasm. One time he will muse: "When I courted my wife, I courted

in canoeing asking for information. My letters were not acknowledged. But maybe those are the kind of people who don't even write their mothers." Dodge persisted and finally made contact with several European builders. Figuring that if boats were immediately available more people would be interested in the sport, he ordered a 19-boat shipment from Kobbersap. "I got no one interested locally except my son," Dodge says. "I gave him a canoe as a graduation present. But I automatically became the largest owner of competition canoes in the U.S. They were very hostile in the East after I bought the boats. 'What's his angle?' they asked. I think I could do better selling vacuum cleaners."

Soft-sell trails

Dodge certainly hasn't done a very good soft-sell on his four daughters, aged 7 through 17, whom he is trying desperately to interest in paddling. He gathered them on his porch the other day and put it to them. "You've got to get biceps or boy friends," he said hopefully. The girls considered his proposal. "Boy friends," they replied. Dodge was dejected.

He cheered himself up by going to his garage, where he stores his canoes, and regarding them with veneration. "They're works of art," he murmured as if he were in a cathedral. "They're beautiful out of water or in it. This may sound like heresy but I know a man who bought one just to hang in his office. They're gorgeous. They're pure. They have no frills. I took my canoes to the Chicago Boat Show. They were adjudged the finest-built, designed and finished boats in the show. A man saw two canoes I was carrying on top of my car. 'Do you play those or paddle them?' he asked. I told him I paddled them. 'What do you do,' he said, 'have one for each foot?'"

At the flick of a light switch, Dodge will show you 40 selected color slides he took this spring in Denmark. He shot them all inside the renovated dairy barn at Struer in Jutland, where Sven Kobbersap, a butcher's son, and 18 craftsmen build the canoes which are designed by Jørgen Samson.

Olympic canoes are made of a laminated veneer 1/4th of an inch thick. Kobbersap makes his boats out of Spanish cedar, ash, arjoun, abachi,



IN THE TWO-MAN CANADIAN, CANOEISTS KNEEL ON PADS, PADDLE IN UNISON

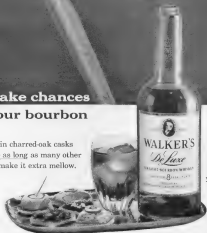
It is decked over except for a hole through which the paddler climbs in and swims out. Over the years, canoes and kayaks have been improved, but the direction has not been toward security. The boats which will be paddled in the Olympics this summer have little more freeboard than a water ski and are, as one English builder reverently writes, "long and unboarded of narrow and rest uncommonly lightly on the water." Indeed, it is said that the paddlers have to part their hair in the middle to keep their canoes from cup-sizing. When further improvements—concave or pear-shaped canoes—were proposed last spring a Swedish builder threw down his plans. "We must make our sport popular," he

her in a canoe. Many a pleasant evening was spent in that boat. Maybe that's why I love canoes." Another time he will attribute the fascination to skill and finance. "The average human being," Dodge says, "likes something that takes a little skill, gets him above his fellow man. And canoeing isn't too limiting financially. For a very modest expense [Dodge sells his canoes for an average price of \$280] anyone can participate and buy the finest equipment."

But Dodge remembers with a kind of depressing clarity when he began to get involved in canoeing. "In the summer of 1968," he says, recounting a sort of pilgrim's progress, "I wrote letters to various people in the East who should have been interested

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CANOEING continued

boiling and glue. It takes two weeks for them to finish a canoe, including four coats of varnish and seasoning. While he shows the slides, Dodge provides a rapturous commentary. "There are 150 different pieces of wood in the deck alone!" he will say. Or, "They use almost no sandpaper, only cabinet scrapers!" He even rhapsodizes on how often and thoroughly Kobberup workers sweep out the shop.

Dodge's obsession, if not canoeing, has swept Niles and Bushman. "The merchants here like R. A. Dodge," Dodge, who often speaks of himself in the third person, says. "I don't know why. But they're willing to back my enthusiasm."

Remembered but not bothered

"We don't know what it is," says Justin F. McCarty, executive secretary of the Niles Chamber of Commerce, "but we're behind it. 'Mac,' businessmen say to me, 'that's wonderful. We want to help. What can we do? What do you want us to do?' And we're not saying it can't be done. We'll just do it. We'll do it! It makes you feel good to live in a community like this. Maybe the reason this area has been small is because people have thought small. We're simply just not going to sit back any more. That's for the birds, sitting back. Something is moving in this town. We're not small! We're not small! This regatta could be the most important thing to happen in the Midwest this year!"

The last big year for Buchanan was 1958, the time of the Buchananama, which celebrated the town's centennial, when according to Episode III of the pageant, which was staged by the Brothers of the Brush and the Sisters of the Swiss, "plodding ever onward, came the Pioneers to this great land of promise."

"As I told one fellow," Dodge said the other day, beaming, "this is a wonderful place to live. They back you up in your ideas here. Wonderful! It's crazy! We got a junkman, a director of purchasing, an insurance broker, an undertaker, an appliance dealer, a jeweler heading up our regatta committee. Not one of these people paddled! It's crazy! I may be crazy—but this is the thing that will beat the Russians, the Europeans. I really believe it."

END

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Testing Venture

*A month of arduous sport on a rugged
English moor teaches self-confidence and teamwork
to youthful volunteers from 13 countries*

Photographs by BRIAN SEED

THE PATH under the log may be clear and easy, but it is of no use to the strenuously engaged youths at left. Their high-hanging contortions are designed to get the last member of their team over the hurdle while the instructor at right assesses their speed and initiative. The scene of this frantic effort is the Holme Park school of the Outward Bound Trust at Devonshire in southwestern England. There an international group of 79 young men from such diverse points as Malaya, Nigeria and Australia recently completed a month-long regimen that was always grueling, sometimes exciting and occasionally terrifying, but all adding up to a sporting venture that develops self-confidence, character and physical fitness.

Outward Bound was started in 1941 by Lawrence Holt, a British shipping magnate who became alarmed at the number of seamen lost during the war because of poor leadership in emergencies. He gave it that name because he saw an analogy between being "outward bound to sea" and "outward bound to life." The program became an industry- and government-financed trust in 1948 and now has 12 schools which handle 4,500 "students" a year. Many of these are company-sponsored office workers whose normal exercise hardly exceeds unwrapping a sandwich at a desk.

At Holme Park this spring the international group was divided into seven competing teams. They were spurred through the course at a blistering (and bone-breaking) pace. Among the high points: swinging on ropes from treetop platforms 40 feet up, scaling a 150-foot rock cliff, running six miles through the wilds of Dartmoor, shooting rapids in canoes, squeezing through foot-high tunnels 70 feet underground. With each accomplishment, confidence, spirit and appreciation of teamwork increased. "You feel dreadful while you're doing something but grand once you've done it," summed up one Outward Bound graduate.

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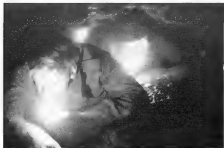


River provides course in canoeing, courage

Trailing Venture continued

Looking for the Limit

Each day brings new tests for the Outward Bound trainees, but the rationale is always the same—to push a man to the limit of his endurance and there let him discover that his own ability plus teamwork will pull him through. Shown here are some critical moments in Outward Bound tests: the swirling canoe tossed in a frothy river, the hard-clutched log high off the ground, the scrambling at a cliff face, the tension in a tiny cave, the pulling of a collapsing teammate toward a finish line and the lonely dangling over rocks and water. When each trial is over, there is a fresh knowledge of both team and self. "Nothing better for getting to know a chap than having his foot in your face when you're trying to boost him over a 12-foot wall," says Captain Charles Keys, 55, Holme Park boss (shown balancing himself on rope in background of the picture at lower right).



Cave's light (log cave passage for crawling campers see underground)

While leader at right urges them on, a





Tribal-scarred Nigerian boosts up straining English teammate



CNN climber's face shows fear and tension

Team scrambles toward finish line of hilly five-mile road run



Trainee gets our eye, while his instructor runs far

CONTINUED

Testing Venture continued

Finding Some Fun

As the Outward Bound course nears its end, the trainees become a close-knit group. Two teams are able to laugh heartily at the plight of a third, and two youths can camp professionally on a lonely moor. The camping is the program's final test, a 54-mile, three-day treasure hunt, with clues leading to each night's food hidden in such hard-to-reach places as halfway down a 50-foot cliff. It was their newly acquired self-assurance, not a spirit of rebellion, that led one team to serve as chorus for a member from Somalia while he sent a native chant echoing brightly across the moor. Translation of the chant: "To hell with this."



Trainees rise with frigid dawn after a night of camping in barren, 200-square-mile expanse of Dartmoor





Watching opposing team struggle through test, these students laugh with sympathetic understanding



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HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins

Exit jumping

Andante, an aged prima donna, begins her last season with a flamboyant win at Devon

ANDANTE, a fast and loose mare, has spent a lifetime living down her name—a project in which she has had uncommon success. When she was a 3-year-old filly she refused to be broken. After she became a mother, it was felt that she had mellowed, and a saddle and bridle were put on her. The first time she was hunted she took off like a blind deer and ran straight into a tree, breaking both of her rider's arms and collecting 11 stitches in her own skull plus, soon after, a new owner.

This hopeful decided to jump Andante, and his experiment did prove two things: Andante was still no lady, but she was a real jumper. She would come right into the ring and right out again, leaping merrily over gate, rail and anything else in her way. It wasn't long before she had jumped herself out of that owner too.

A fortnight ago at the Devon, Pa. Horse Show, Andante, now 15 years old and more disciplined, though no less spirited than before, was still leaping, but only over approved barriers, and she was winning. For the fifth time in six years she took the Eastern Area U.S.E.T. Challenge Trophy, giving her owner, Trainer Dave Kelley, permanent possession of the bowl. Despite her past record at Devon, Andante's performance came as a surprise. Last year in the same show

she wrenched a shoulder, and at this year's event she hadn't done much but rub or refuse fences. As Kelley said, "She wasn't jumping happy."

She never had, of course. In the 10 years Kelley has trained her, Andante, unlike other horses who prick their ears in the ring, has always laid hers flat against her head and has looked at fences as though she would just as soon bite them as jump them. In her first days with Kelley, she kicked between fences and developed a unique, twisty quick-changing stride when approaching them that made her extremely rough to ride. But Kelley coaxed a grudging cooperation out of her, and Andante became a remarkable jumper, winning three national high-score awards for open jumping, the Professional Horsemen's Association



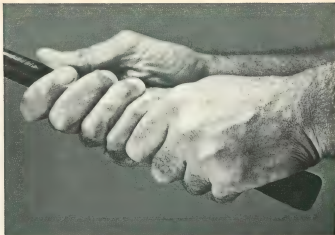
ANDANTE KIPS AT KELLEY'S BOWL

championship and many individual show tricolors and ribbons.

Through the years Andante has never ceased to be temperamental about making her entrance into the ring. Lunging and kicking, she still scatters the horses and riders that throng near the in gate. Although the mare is now almost a lady at home in Armonk, N.Y., when she arrives on a show grounds she tenses up and forgets completely her carefully acquired good manners.

At the end of the season, long past the age other horses are put out to pasture, Andante will be bred. Like all prima donnas, she showed with her triumph at Devon that she knows how to make an exit.

END



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New Baltimore colts

In Maryland last week a fine crop of 2-year-olds took aim at the rich juvenile stakes

DESPITE the continuing success of trotting at the metropolitan tracks, where most major events are for older horses, colt racing is still vital to the sport. From it come tomorrow's champions, and last week at Baltimore Raceway most of the top 2-year-old pacers and trotters of the year met for the first time. Some, naturally, were just getting the feel of serious competition, and some showed that cloak of greenness which young horses wear in their early days. It was still apparent, however, that this crop is the best we have seen in a long time.

After two nights of racing at Baltimore, John Simpson, the tall, quiet, studious trainer-driver and Del Miller, the short, energetic, studious trainer-driver sat discussing what they had seen and what they expect in the months ahead. As Simpson and Miller go from track to track they spend much of their time together talking over their horses, their problems, their wives, their money.

It would not be fair, however, to say that Mr. Simpson tells Mr. Miller everything or that Mr. Miller tells Mr. Simpson the total truth all the time, for they are in a game where each one's hand is almost constantly turned against the other's. In 1936, for instance, Miller accomplished an unprecedented double when he won both the Hambletonian with Lusty Song and the Little Brown Jug with Dudley Hanover. Since this had never been done before in the same year by one man, many thought that it would never be done again. In 1937, however, Simpson won the Hambletonian with Hickory Smoke and the Jug with Topdick. In his lifetime as a driver, Miller has sat behind five trotters

and 38 pacers who went in two minutes or less, and Simpson has sat behind six trotters and 37 pacers who did the same.

Currently Miller, Simpson, Billy Haughton, Stanley Danow, Joe O'Brien and Clint Hodgins are aiming their 2-year-olds directly at the \$120,000 Empire Pace on July 21 and the Hilltop Trot on July 28 at Yorkers. All these men, save O'Brien, who nearly always is at the top with younger horses, were at Baltimore. (O'Brien has had an outbreak of minor ailments in his stable and they have set back his training program.)

"This crop of 2-year-olds," said Simpson, "might be the strongest we have had in this country in many years. Already many of them are going in 2:06 and this is only early June. Well, if you project their development into July and August, almost anything is possible. The 2-year-olds that end up as the best trotters or pacers won't be able to get by by just being good, they'll have to be extra good."

Miller's opinion is about the same as Simpson's. "There was a time," he says, "when you could move slowly with a young horse, but today the 2-year-old stakes are raced earlier in the year and the purses are bigger than they ever were before. Today you get your horses sharp early and then take back on them near the end of the year and start thinking about readying them once again next year for the Hambletonian and the Jug. You have to watch yourself and not take all your shots at once or you won't have any ammunition left for next year. But it's in these 2-year-old races that you can tell which of your colts seem to have the class and which ones don't."

Within recent years the purses for 2-year-old races have increased sharply and this has had a tremendous effect on harness racing. Higher

continued



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gurses undoubtedly were responsible for the prices at the 1963 yearling sales, where 19 horses sold for \$30,000 or more, a figure well in excess of recent years. (In 1964 only five yearlings went for \$30,000 or over; in 1967 only four; in 1968 only two.) These large investments, naturally, have made it necessary for many owners to point for the early, lucrative stakes, in order to get a part of their investments back as quickly as possible.

Last week's stakes at Baltimore were a perfect example of this. In the Lady Baltimore Stakes, for trotting fillies, the winner, Sweet Miriam, was forced to go in 2:06 2/5, and the Lord Baltimore Stake for pacers was won by Hansen Hanover, in 2:06—both remarkably fast times over a track that was a little deep.

Considered misses

What was most impressive, however, was not the fast times but the consistency of the horses. The Lady Baltimore, raced in three divisions, found Clint Hodgins' first-time starter Patricia Rhythm beating Simpson's Adios Filly in 2:08. The second division was won by Sweet Miriam in 2:08 1/5, and in the final heat they came down the stretch in this order: Sweet Miriam, Patricia Rhythm, Adios Filly, Meadow Piek.

The Lord Baltimore Stake for trotting colts and geldings on June 8 showed exactly how heavy Billy Haughton's hand will be in the stakes ahead. He sent out an entry of Mr. Pride and Vint Hanover, and they finished one-two, with Mr. Pride lengths the best. Vint Hanover, however, may develop into one of the top youngsters if he settles down, for he broke and had to circle his field three wide to pick up second money.

Aside from the show at Baltimore, Simpson has two fine 2-year-olds currently training sharply at Saratoga Raceway—Bill and Ted Hanover, for whom "Pharmacia" W. Stammers of Danvers, keeps a total of \$81,000 at auction. These two have not yet been to the races. Miller has Meadow Betty, Meadow Chuck, Meadow Hudson, Great Duke and Vivian's Adios. The champion 2-year-old seems almost certain to come from the barns of Mr. Simpson, or Mr. Miller or Mr. Haughton. And in the next few weeks we should know which barn it is. **END**



SHINY TROPHY brings shiny smiles down the winners. From left: Ann Haydon, Angela Mortimer, Captain Bea Waher, Shirley Brasher, Pat Ward, Christine Truman.



BIG BACKHANDS helped the Wightman Cup-matrons' outstanding players, Britain's Truman and America's Darlene Hard, slak their way to a total of five victories.



CAME FAVORITE at London was pretty Karen Hantze of California. "Her serve will be one of the glories of Wimbledon for years to come," said a British writer.



TENNIS / John Lotsey

A win for England

**Persevering British women
reclaim the Wightman Cup in a
taut two days at Wimbledon**

WITH AN unerring display of come-from-behind tennis, a clutch-playing team of British women won the 32nd Wightman Cup matches last week. The Americans and British proved so evenly matched that, in the end, the difference between the two teams may have been no more than a divot of the sacred Wimbledon turf.

The divot was kicked up by the toe of a shapely newcomer to cup play, America's 11-year-old Karen Hantze. She had Britain's Ann Haydon well beaten until, while serving, she scuffed loose a tuft of grass. "Better remove it," said the umpire, and the rows of British schoolgirls in the gallery, looking like gaudy parrots in their colored blazers, giggled at his serious tone. It broke the mood for Hantze, who lost 2-6, 11-9, 6-1.

Firm-striking Darlene Hard, playing the best tennis of her life, regained the advantage for the U.S. by coming from behind to best townie-ing (5 feet 11) Christine Truman, then joining Hantze in a doubles victory. On the final afternoon she again put her team ahead, rallying to defeat Haydon after Truman had won over Hantze in straight sets 7-6, 6-3. Then frail Angela Mortimer, down 2-4 after losing the first set to U.S. Captain Janet Hopps, came back to win, giving Britain a 3-3 tie.

But in the tie-breaking last match the British doubles team of Truman and Shirley Brasher almost casually fell behind before beating Hopps and Dorothy Knodel 6-4, 9-7 to return the Wightman Cup to England. **END**

The death of a king

As Sugar Ray Robinson lost again to Paul Pender, the image of the master fighter, which had burned so long and so brilliantly, was at last extinguished

WHEN Napoleon's son, the King of Rome, was born, there were four physicians, nine ladies, five chamber-maids, a nurse and two maids ministering and rooting in the Tuileries. The gate was good, he had 42 dozen splendid diapers to look forward to and he died, a pathetic, melancholy and thwarted young man, at 21.

When, at 89, Sugar Ray Robinson, once welterweight and five times middleweight champion of the world, died as a prizefighter in drafty Boston Garden last week, beaten more by himself than by the dull, fugal blows of Paul Pender, in his corner were his manager, his trainer, his brother-in-law and his valet. Directly below them was the second column: three physicians (Ray was concealing a respiratory virus infection) and Joe Louis, who whispered up advice behind his cocoa straw. (This is in the mumbo jumbo tradition which war-rounds Robinson. In the early rounds, for instance, his corner yelled at him in French—"discreuons!" or "en bas, en bas.") In the 10th, however, when Robinson was fading behind, they dropped the conceit. "Let's go, boy," they shouted in desperate clichés, and "That's good" and "You can do it." Behind the second column and fanning out into the dark Garden was the third column: his mother, his sister, his hairdresser (with an enormous bottle of Wildroot Cream Oil), his bodyguard (who also dances the Madison, including the optional turns known as Birdlands), a reverend doctor and several choros.

In Robinson's basket were four bottles, one containing tap water,

another mouthwash, another orange juice and honey and the fourth, oxygen. Between the 12th and 13th rounds, the physicians consulted. They argued sharply and briefly about adrenalin but did not use it.

Yout' an' stres't

Against this well-equipped army was ranged Pender, who had defeated Robinson last January to become the middleweight champion of the world in Massachusetts and New York. Gene Fullmer is champion of the world elsewhere. Pender has a soulful expression and dainty features. He is an intelligent fighter with more vocabulary than punches; he has said, in many more words, that prizefighting is a drag. His skills, measured historically, are minor. He has a smart jab, doubles up on occasion with a left hook, has nimble feet which keep him out of trouble and holds and bangs good inside. His offense, however, was best summed up by one of his fans who shouted to him during the 11th round. "Pender," he said, "show him your youst." My after-fight cab driver made it a combination. "Pender," he said, "got too much youst' an' stres't."

Neither of which Robinson has. Nor will he find them in his bottles. "A good fighter," says Harry Wiley, who is Robinson's trainer, "is a fighter with tricks." But tricks are tricks only if they fool someone. Robinson has a bag full, but he no longer has the sleight of hand, youst' or stres't to fool anyone. Except, perhaps, himself. "I was disgusted with myself, old buddy," he admitted in the group

therapy after the fight. But he is not ready to admit out loud how far back his act has gone. "I knew I felt good," he said. "But I don't know about the performance. I couldn't see it."

He wouldn't have recognized the guy who played his part. He looked like Robinson, but like most actors he couldn't fight much and like most old men he winded early. In the first round he hit Pender with a long, casual right. It was a good punch, but its success seemed to startle Robinson as much as Pender. Pender got out of the way while Robinson was bemused. In the second round Robinson switched to the body—or en bas. This was according to prefight plan. Since Pender carries his left high, Robinson was supposed to catch him under the heart, slow him and bring his hands down. When Pender brings his arms down he tends to turn. Then Robinson was to go to work on the unprotected kidney. This, like other tricks, didn't really come off.

In the third round Pender's persistent rabbit-punching in the clinches angered Robinson, and he retaliated to the body, but Pender was beating him in the punch. Robinson used the clinches for Rest and Recuperation while Pender clubbed away to body and neck. ("Those rabbit punches," Robinson said gently. "They're not supposed to be. They're annoying. They're not fair.")

The fifth was Robinson's finest three minutes. He hurt Pender with two winging, overhand rights, which drove him against the ropes. ("I had him then," Robinson wistfully recalled, "but he got away.") He never really found him after that. Robinson inhaled from the oxygen bottle and drank from his various fountains of youth, but Pender took the next four rounds. Robinson, as each round drew to a merciful close, rolled his eyes up to find the clock; they looked like



BOWED IN GRIEF AND PAIN after he knew boxer Ray Robinson nearly lost the ring with Dr. John L. S. Holloman, whose oxygen bottle could not revive the past.

the piteous, alarmed eyes of livestock is a flood.

Robinson was the 10th, despite wayward punches and a right leg which dragged, rigid, as though the knee joint had locked. In the 11th Pender was scoring so well with his harsh jab, it was as though Robinson's head were attached to it, like one of those balls which are attached to a paddle by a long rubber band. Pender, a conservative, belt-and-suspenders kind of fighter, became almost cocky in the 14th, opening up

with his small-arms fire, but Robinson rallied grandly and took both this and the 15th.

The decision was split, as it was in their first fight (and fair enough, although I called it a draw). One judge, however, had it 149-138, giving only the fifth round to Robinson. Which proved he had nerve, if nothing else. It was what Harry Wiley would call an "H-gotten gals." Wiley was outraged. "If my fighter lost," he said, "I'd put on my hat and go home." He stayed. "Pender hasn't the guts

to meet Ray in New York," he said, "a fair, democratic-decision place."

Robinson had trained for this one. He had fought as hard as he could, and ultimately alone, and as well as his body would let him. He had fought with courtesy and lost with grace. If he had heard Wiley complaining, he would have said quietly, "Oh, Wiley, Wiley." But he insisted, in his stubbornness and pride, that he wanted to fight Pender again in New York. Though he had complained he was rusty when he lost in January, he said, "Maybe I was wrong. Maybe he was right. I guess he got it. I didn't have what it took to win. I can't make it. I don't know whether I want to quit if I don't fight Pender again. I don't know how I feel now. They have a song, *It's Too Soon to Know*. I want to go back to New York and think it over." Boston, obviously, was not a city for rationalization. "But I don't like to get hit." He sat, a towel about his middle, talking softly and smiling for the photographers or sometimes, faintly, for himself. "Man, for the last couple weeks," he said, "it's been Khrushchev on one side of the newspapers and me on the other. I'm tired." He was tired and seemed sort of glad it was over, whatever it was.

"Give me a mirror," he asked. "Let me see how I look." Richard II, another losing king, had asked for a mirror, too. "Was this the face," he said, "that like the sun did make beholders wink?" And they took Richard's crown away, too, old buddy. He asked for a grave, and he got it. "The only thing that'll stop that man is the grave," June Clark, Robinson's valet, said in the car going to the fight. If you get the money, I thought, stop short of the grave - although it's nobody else's business. But you were the best and you came back so often you made Lazarus look like a four-round boy.

Pender, on the other hand, talked of taking on Archie Moore. Now that he's liked age, he thinks he can take on weight, too. As the man said, if you step out of your class be sure to step down.

END



"FINISTERRE" GETS FAST START TOWARD THE WIN BY KEEPING CLEAR OF IAM (BACKGROUND) AT WINDWARD END OF LINE

Eyes on 'Finisterre'

All hands will be watching the fabulous little yawl this week as Carleton Mitchell makes his bid for an unprecedented third straight victory in the Bermuda Race

WHEN the record entry of some 130 boats lines up off Newport, R.I. for the start of the Bermuda Race this week, virtually every sailor will have his eye on Carleton Mitchell's *Finisterre*. To an old rival like Colin Ratsey (shown at right aboard his post-Golfswagg) the sight will be neither unfamiliar nor cheering. In 1956 Ratsey and the rest of the Bermuda skippers charged down to the island faster than any of them had ever before covered the 435-mile passage, only to discover that Mitchell had gone just a little faster.

In winning, the 38-foot 8-inch *Finisterre* became the smallest boat ever to win the Bermuda Trophy, a piece of silverware that ocean racers cherish above all others. She also earned some

loud boos from rivals, who thought that her time allowance was too big.

"Some of these boats," grumped the owner of a long, tall sloop, "are beginning to win on mathematics."

Then it was 1958, and *Finisterre*, carrying a slightly increased rating, took the trophy again, the only boat to win two in a row in the 54-year history of the race. This time there were no boos. There was, however, a tendency to speculate on how Mitchell managed to do it. It was a point worth pondering.

The Bermuda Race—any deep-water race, for that matter—in no shot full of luck, confusion and false weather forecasts that there is no way of telling who is going to win. In 1948, for example, Henry Taylor's *Barren*

missed Bermuda altogether, then turned around and still managed to take first place.

In 1954 Dan Strömmeier on *Molay* went so far afield looking for wind that he arrived at the finish resigned to a position well back in the rack. "Who won?" Strömmeier shouted to a committee boat, just after crossing the line.

"*Molay*," came back the answer. While there may be no sure way to win a race, there are a number of ways to avoid losing. For even granted the element of luck, ocean racing is a game of mistakes, and the boat making the least mistakes is likely to win.

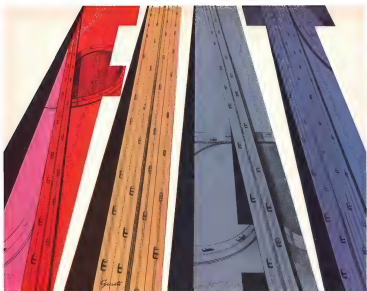
Mitchell, whom most of his rivals

continued

Photographs by Richard Mark

LOOKING TO WEATHER, Colin Ratsey (second from right) and crew of the 1958 runner-up *Golfswagg* loop close track of competition as way out to starting line.





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concede to be the best planner in racing today, is a man who remembers mistakes, particularly those he makes himself. He lost a transatlantic race in 1962 when he left his course to go wind hunting—and found instead a flat calm. In 1967 he threw away the Annapolis race by tacking downwind in the hope of picking up more speed, while his rivals slid steadily—and vic-

toriously—down a straight course to the finish. After each of his losses, and after every one of his many victories as well, Mitchell jotted down his mistakes on scraps of paper. Then he entered his conclusions in a notebook entitled "Learned the Hard Way." This notebook is Mitchell's own abbreviated bible of ocean racing, a collection of purely personal reminders of the things that make a boat go in any ocean, in any weather. A selec-

tion of these notes is presented here. For ocean racers they may be a guide to future victories. For casual cruisers they contain valuable tips on preparing a boat for sea and for handling her when she is out on the water. And for landmen, there is an indication of the effort, the persistence and the relentless attention to detail that have made Carleton Mitchell the winningest ocean racer of modern times.

MITCHELL'S MAXIMS

Here are the lessons learned in a lifetime of ocean racing by America's most successful deep-water sailor

• Most deep-water sailors believe that races are won on the long night watches. They aren't—just. They are won through preparation before the start, and they are won at the gun and over every foot of the course. Therefore, be completely ready, and once under way never let down.

• The two keys in ocean racing are crew and sails. In picking a crew, remember obligation to the boat must override all personal considerations except incompatibility.

• Try for one young eager beaver on each watch who will jump on minor errands, but balance him off with experienced men who are not slowed by age or temperament.

• In choosing sails, take as many as storage permits. But don't go in for special-purpose sails like heavy-weather muckers or storm spinnakers until the broad-and-butter sails for normal conditions are perfect.

• Rack sail should be assessed critically, preferably with the sailmaker aboard. Every effort should be made to achieve aerodynamic perfection in cut and trim. Sails also should be inspected for weaknesses. Check stitching along the seams, strength of cringles, condition of battens pockets. Hold the sails against the sun and look for fly tears or chafe marks, especially on spinnakers.

• Assemble all possible data on the course to be sailed. Study British Admiralty and U.S. Hydrographic Office publications—charts, sailing directions, weather maps, pilot charts. Read back through old issues of yachting magazines to see what has worked in the past. From boatmen specializing in out-of-print items, procure copies of Blunt, Findlay and other sailing directions of a century or more ago, when commerce depended on wind and current.

• Before leaving the dock, divide the boat into departments: engine, electrical, plumbing, galley, deck, rigging, sails. Decide which items are most likely to fail or be lost, and have spares, plus tools to cope.

• Make sure life rafts will keep an unconscious man aboard with water slung deep in the scuppers.

• Make sure boat is floating on proper sailing lines. With everything aboard but crew, study trim. Boat must not be down by either end. Especially watch for squatting aft. Once under way, never forget, or let crew forget, that distribution of human weight will then govern trim, and that trim, in turn, affects speed.

• Helmanship is the most important single factor in ocean racing. Therefore, never let it be assumed steering is an automatic crew prerogative.

• No helmsman can do his best if he is distracted by other concerns. He should never try to direct operations on the foredeck, or watch competitors, or even call the trim of the sails. Before the start, an experienced crewman should be appointed to inform the man at the helm on courses and maneuvers of other boats, and possibly of right-of-way situations developing. Another crew member should be responsible for sails and trim.

• Although the ideal way to start is to hit the line with the gun, it is more important to have full way and clear way. If a gun seems impending, stay away from favored end of line to avoid backward and disturbed water. Try to be in a position to call your own race as soon as possible.

• Don't make things neat until all sails are set and drawing—and especially never delay to roll a balyard before sheeting a sail. Get the boat going, then tidy up.

• After the start, concentrate on bringing the boat to her maximum speed, then settle down. Veeless down, tails down. Under no circumstance except danger of collision should the man assigned to watching the trim of the jib be on the bow; then, and for the entire distance, headsails should be watched from a position near the mast.

• Commence watches as soon as possible. Don't let anyone burn out in the early stages. Rest before those not needed; perhaps sleep will not be possible but lying down with eyes closed releases tension. Deep shades and wax earplugs to cut out light and noise can be a great boon.

• Don't set rigid wheel trials. Let the best man have the most time but never to the loss of sharpness. In heavy weather, limit helmsman to 25 to 30 minutes; under pleasant conditions when the boat is in the groove, an hour is not too much.

• There should be no cockpit bail sessions. If the crew is stationed ashore—on windward in a breeze, to leeward in a drift—they are more aware of headsails and altered conditions which require action. The human ballast is where it belongs, and the helmsman is relieved from temptation to cheat.

• "Point" in a moderate breeze or sea. But when the wind is very light, or the weather so heavy that the boat is being stopped for lack of drive, fall off a little and concentrate on speed.

• In handicap racing, a boat should sail tactically against others her own size and class, hoping for the best in the over-all standings.

• Never let the crew get hungry—energy loss and irritability begins at once. If a midday start, pass soup and sandwiches on deck while sailing to the line, with

continued

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BOATING continued

more to follow when the initial excitement is over. For dinner the first night, ideal food is beef stew made ashore and warmed below—the squarish can sop at the gravy, the hungry can make a hearty meal.

- While still close to the coast, keep constant watch for new wind in light, variable conditions. Watch the direction taken by any rising smoke. Soon mouths of bays and rivers; frequently they act as wind funnels, and it tucks toward them now too. Also remember wind tends to blow on or off shore, sometimes providing a lift.

- In a moderate breeze, call the jib by watching when half goes soft. In heavy winds, watch the sag in the headstay, as wire will start to lift before sail flutters.

- Don't delay in preparing for sail changes as weather worsens or improves.

- To windward, don't overpower boat by carrying too much sail; when the sail buries, speed drops. Haul or go to a smaller jib. Exception: in puffing wind, especially in heavy steepens, lag all sail through the squalls to maintain drive during lulls. Station a man on mainmast to prevent knockdowns.

- To leeward, broad reaching or running. Forget the theory of "half speed limit" and drive full out of your vessel. Shorten sail only when sea builds to point that steering is impossible or crew is exhausted to point of danger.

- Rule of thumb for sailing downwind: never deviate from base course if boat can make approximately six knots. In light air, never sharpen up more than necessary to bring wind from dead aft to the quarter, except in brief tactical situations. A deviation of 10° from the base course for 4/5 of a 100-mile race, before heading for the mark, will result in an extra five miles, 28° adds 20 miles.

- The skipper should never hesitate to ask the crew to do any job that needs doing, no matter how disagreeable or even potentially dangerous. Delaying usually makes the task harder if conditions worsen.

- Forget the "not our day" or "not our conditions" point of view. And above all, don't assume you have lost the race—or won it—until you have crossed the finish line.

- Mistakes compounded. Try not to make the first. It doesn't hurt to lose a race—only to blow one.

END

Tom Barry's waiting game

Light training and a patient ride made up his formula for victory in the Belmont

BILL HARTACK is a supremely confident jockey. He also considers himself a superior judge of training methods and race strategy. For the 92nd running of the Belmont Stakes last week, however, Hartack was content to accept the instructions of a twinkly-eyed Irishman named Tom Barry: "Drop back 15 lengths off the pace for the first part of it, and don't do any running until you hit the three-eighths pole." Barry trains Celtic Ash, Hartack rode Celtic Ash and Celtic Ash won the Belmont going away.

As the field of seven broke from the gate, the favored Tompion and Venetian Way took the lead together. Tooth and Nail and Disperse were nearest to them, and Celtic Ash, as Barry had ordered, trailed way behind.

The pace was hardly startling—:48 for the half and 1:12 1/5 for the three-quarters. But when Kentucky Derby winner Venetian Way took over leadership midway up the backstretch, Tompion was already in trouble. His jockey, Willie Shoemaker, said later: "Every time Tompion runs on a bright sunny day he sees those shadows and tries to jump there. This time he jumped everything he could and tried to run all over the damn track."

Hartack and Celtic Ash had no such problem. Strictly on schedule, Hartack let his horse go at the three-eighths pole. Just before he turned for home, he ranged swiftly up on the outside to overhaul Venetian Way, Tompion and Disperse, and from there on it was simple. Celtic Ash covered the last half mile in :52 and the final quarter in :26, which is not sensational, but nonetheless very creditable and the sort of time that wins an awful lot of races. His final time of 2:29 3/5 was well off Gallant Fox's



A SMOO HARTACK stands smiling in the Belmont winner's circle with Celtic Ash after easily beating Venetian Way, the horse he rode to victory in the Kentucky Derby.

track record of 2:26 3/5. Venetian Way ran a game sort of race to finish second, although beaten five and a half lengths, while Disperse, the King Ranch long shot, was third.

Celtic Ash's triumph in the Belmont is a strong argument in favor of both moderate spring racing and the importation of Irish-raised horses. It was just two years ago that Boston Banker Joseph E. O'Connell came to the Belmont with an Irish-bred colt named Cavan. The horse had been lightly raced in the spring and was at his very peak when he most needed to be. True, Cavan's Belmont win was at the expense of a crippled Tim Turn, but nonetheless it indicated that the team of O'Connell and Barry had hit on a scheme to bring off the big ones.

Barry, who has been a U.S. citizen for 50 years, was talking about that season after Celtic Ash's Belmont. He believes that horses raised in Ireland are ideally suited for mile-and-a-

half races. "They take their time with horses over there," said Barry, "and I try to do the same thing with ours. Celtic Ash raced only three times as a 2-year-old, and the Belmont was only his sixth start this season. We wintered in Camden, S.C., and down there I knew I had a horse a little above the ordinary. He's a small, compact colt, and he doesn't need too much work to be at his best."

Owner O'Connell didn't make the Belmont. He was resting in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Brighton, Mass., but when he saw the race on television he jumped out of bed for joy. And well he might, for Celtic Ash, which had cost him \$22,000 as a yearling in Ireland (and up to last Saturday had won \$33,290), had brought home a check for \$96,783.

Around the barns this week, some old hands are already paying Celtic Ash the highest of compliments, which is: "This could be any sort of a horse."

END

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right and Piersall sat in the bullpen. There was no score for 10 innings. Then in the top of the 11th the Tigers scored twice. In the bottom of the 11th, the Indians loaded the bases with two out. Gordon signaled to the bullpen for Piersall to come in and pinch hit.

"I was scared," said Piersall. "As I came across the outfield I got a standing ovation, me, a .345 hitter last year. There were 65,000 people there. I've never had a bigger thrill."

"Bunning was pitching for Detroit, and I made up my mind to hit this first pitch. He threw it in and I hit a six-downer straight to tie the game. If the ground hadn't been so wet it would have gone between the outfielders, and everybody would have scored. As it was, we lost."

Kuern was hurt in that first game, so Pierrelli began to play every day. By the time Kuern was well, Bond had started looking like a rookie. Pierrelli was back as a regular.

In early May against Chicago, Piersall got into a fiery argument with home-plate umpire Frank Umont from the on-deck circle. Johnny Temple was at bat, and Umont had called a questionable strike. Temple just blinked his eyes, but Piersall argued violently. When he came to bat, Piersall reversed the argument, finally stopped, faced the pitcher, Billy Pierce, and hit the first pitch on a line over the left-field fence.

Review for review

"I think I play better when I'm mad," said Fieralli. "I just wanted to beat Pierce and I didn't think Umont was calling a good game. I figured that if Temple squawked he'd be tossed out quick, since he's just over from the National League. So I told Umont to bear down. When I got up to bat and Umont wagged his finger at me, I told him to stop or I'd bite it off. Then I told myself Pierce was going to throw a slider, so I'd be set. It was a slider."

The next day Fiersall ruined Herb Score's composure by leading off with a bunt, stealing second and third and scoring on an overthrow. "It was Gordon's idea to bunt," said Fiersall. "I want to give him credit." His next time up, Fiersall hit a long drive to straight center field. Jim Landa was

his glove on it, but crashed into the wire fence and collapsed, the ball falling over the fence for a home run. Fierall, thinking the ball had been caught, stepped at first base, threw his batting helmet into the Cleveland dugout and waited for someone to bring him his glove. Finally he discovered what had happened and, bar-headed, raced around the bases at top speed, as he does after every home run he hits.

Near the end of May, the Indians moved into Detroit. "I've always

[illegible]

thought Detroit was vicious," said Pincus. "The trouble started there in 1934, when I was with the Red Sox. I had made a good start off Fred Hatfield, and they started booing me, so I showed them my teeth. They were furious. They started throwing paper clips and whisky bottles and debris. Bill McKinley, the umpire, comes trotting out and tells me I'm the instigator and that he's going to throw me out. He should have so felt the game. The next day in the papers they call me the instigator. I had to go to the dictionary to look the word up. I've never signed autographs in Detroit since then.

"This year I hit a three-run homer in the ninth to put us ahead 5-4. When I went out to center field they start hitting me with ice cubes and paper clips. I told Larry Napp the game should be forfeited and he just laughed. Just as the game ended, someone threw a firecracker—they wrap pieces of wire around them so they travel further—and it went off.



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LIFE

Photo by LIFE contributor Henri Cartier-Bresson, the only man to have a photographic exhibit in the Louvre. He chose this photo to show what to him is LIFE's great ability: "Getting you up front in a crowd each week."

making a lot of noise and smoke. "I lost 10 pounds that day and we had a double-header coming up in Chicago the next day. I was exhausted. We had a long bus ride from the train to the hotel in Chicago. My regular roommate, Johnny Kippstein, was visiting his family, so I was rooming with John Powers, and he had a cold and he snored all night. It kept me awake."

"In the first game the next day, I was on second base, with Harvey Kuenn hitting against Early Wynn. Napp is umpiring at home and calls two bad strikes against Kuenn, so I start talking back. Napp didn't mind but that new umpire, Cal Drummond, comes up behind me and tells me to shut up. I guess he wanted to make a good impression. I wheeled around and let him have it, and he tossed me out of the game. Umpires should learn to take a little abuse. People don't come to see *them* play, you know. Anyway, after he tossed me out, I forget exactly what happened except that Umont led me from the field very nicely. He handled it very well. Then I threw the helmets, the bats and the gloves on the field. All I could think of was that my 16-game hitting streak was over because I was out of the game. Just as I was leaving for the dressing room I caught one more look at Drummond. I got mad again. I saw a sand bucket, so I dumped out all the sand and threw the bucket on the field. I went into the clubhouse and fell asleep on the floor."

"I played the second game and went 6-5. I could hardly see the ball. I was so tired. The last out of the game was a fly which I caught. Just as I caught it, an orange hit me on the head. I picked it up and threw it against that big, new scoreboard. Then I threw the ball. I was aiming for the glass, but I missed."

(Many American League fans expressed secret admiration for Piersall's assault against the rocket-shooting, horn-blowing scoreboard. They resent the board because of the money it cost. "Veck spent \$300,000 on the board," said one player, "but he doesn't spend a dime on the visiting players' dressing rooms, the worst in the league.")

"Veck phased me after the game and gave me hell. I blasted him and

he blasted back. But we got along O.K. I got fined \$250 and I deserved it."

That night Piersall called his wife to tell her he was all right. She said: "Honey, I'm on your team."

A week later Jimmy had more trouble with Detroit. It started when Detroit Manager Jimmy Dykes had the umpires make Piersall put on his batting helmet while in the on-deck circle.

Bucking Tigers

"I began to trade shouts with Dykes," said Piersall. "I pointed to the left-field seats with my bat. Burnside was pitching and he got a screwball I couldn't hit with a broom. But I got lucky and really hit one. I just stood there and laughed at Dykes. Then I ran around the bases, but when I got to third, I thought to myself, 'I'm going to rub it in good,' so I clipped my bat to him and yelled, 'Get on that, old man.'"

"Before I got up the next time one of the Tigers told me they were going to stink the ball in my ear. So when I got up, I wore this big football-type helmet. Burnside's first pitch was close, but not very. Red Wilson started yelling at Burnside like he was crazy, telling him to knock me down and calling him gutless if he didn't. The next pitch sailed over my head. John Flaherty, the umpire, didn't do a thing. Wilson was getting madder. The third time Burnside threw at me, Flaherty gave him a warning. Wilson still wasn't satisfied. I told him I'd seen a lot of crazy people in the sanitarium, but nothing as bad as that. Then we both laughed."

By this time Jimmy Piersall had finished breakfast, had taken a cab ride through Central Park and up to Yankee Stadium. The night before in the Stadium he had hit a triple. This day he was to get a hit, score a run and make a catch in center field that one New York sportswriter described as "impossible" and the best catch made in the Stadium "since Joe DiMaggio robbed Hank Greenberg many years ago."

But before the game, as he was preparing to enter the players' dressing room, Jimmy Piersall paused a moment and produced a letter.

"This is from my wife," he said. "It's a wonderful letter. She says that when I'm away, it's only half a family. She says, 'We all love you.' That's all that matters to me."

END



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FRENCH THOUGHT

Continued from page 27

to make the same profitable penalty double to which Bouchetoff and Delmouly fell victim at the other table against Mrs. Sobel and Schenken.

North-South vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠ A 6 2		♠ Q 3	
♥ A 9 8 5 4 2		♥ Q J 10 7	
♦ K 5		♦ 5 6 2	
♣ 5		♣ A Q 9 4	
WEST		EAST	
♠ A K J 9 7 6		♠ Q 3	
♥ 8		♥ Q J 10 7	
♦ A Q 8 3		♦ 5 6 2	
♣ 8 5		♣ A Q 9 4	
NORTH		EAST	
♠ 3 2		♠ Q 3	
♥ 3		♥ Q J 10 7	
♦ J 10 7 4		♦ 5 6 2	
♣ K J 10 7 3 2		♣ A Q 9 4	

When Bouchetoff and Delmouly held the North-South hands, the bidding went:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(The dealer)	(West)	(East)	(South)
1♠	2♥	3♦	3♠
3♥	4♥	4♠	4♠

Overplayed (each time)

Mrs. Sobel played the 8 on the opening lead and Schenken shifted to the king of hearts, won by dummy's ace. The club 5 was lost from dummy, and when East ducked, South's jack was the trick. A club continuation was won by East's 3. The queen of spades was overtaken by West's ace and the diamond 3 was returned. Dummy played low and East's 9 was taken by South's 10.

Declaner led another club, hoping the suit would break. But East made two top trumps and South remained with three losing diamonds. He made only five tricks at a contract for nine, and went down 1,100 points.

In the other room France held the East-West cards.

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Dealer)	(North)	(East)	(South)
1♠	2♥	3♦	3♠
3♥	4♥	4♠	4♠

Opening lead club 2

Because West's canapé opening won one diamond, North was able to come in at one heart instead of the two-heart call which was required at the other table. East did not find a double of a more one-bid attractive, so North-South were taken off the hook.

Dummy's club queen was finessed on the opening lead, and South took the king. He returned the 3 of hearts,



BARON DE NEXON, France's nonplaying captain, was strong leader at Olympiad.



RENE BACHERICH, worked as a bidding system with Ghossein for seven years.



PIERRE GHOSSEIN, and fellow business man Bacherich was over U.S. in 1964.

not knowing that his partner held a seven-card suit and that West, too, had a singleton. When West played the heart king, North let that card hold rather than establish three good hearts in dummy.

West cashed the spade ace and led a second round of trumps to dummy's queen. Next he led dummy's queen of hearts. When South discarded a club, West trumped and drew the last trump with his king. He led to dummy's ace of clubs and passed the jack of hearts to North's hand, discarding a diamond. North was end-played. A heart return would have given West another diamond discard. Instead, North gambled that his partner would hold good diamonds and led his diamond king. West made two top diamonds and in the end conceded a diamond trick, exactly making his contract. But his score of 420 was a net loss of 680 (6 IMPs) on the result at the two tables.

Since we saw the match finally by exactly 8 IMPs, just enough to give us a clear win (anything less than 8 under International Match Point rules would have been calculated as a draw), the 6 IMPs France lost on this deal because of canapé could have cost them the Olympiad.

But France failed to win the remainder of her matches, while in the last two rounds Britain collapsed through the sheer weariness of an overplayed Reese and Schapiro.

Which leads me to what I think should be the obvious conclusion: in the final analysis, championships are won or lost by the players and the way they are juggled by their captains. Mino Perreux, the Italian, was not the indomitable team they had been. Had England's nonplaying captain, Louis Tarlo, not been hospitalized for a few days with a damaged rib, perhaps he would have insisted that Reese and Schapiro get more time off in the earlier rounds when it wasn't so important to win them all. France, unlike England and Italy, did not come into the finals undefeated. But she did come in comparatively well rested, and so, in the finals, when every last counted against her, was able to line up her three equally proficient pairs in any way that the discerning eye of Captain de Nexon decided. Perhaps, though he never played a card, it was Nexon who did most to win the championship.

END



Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Photo: M. and M. Kadar. Collection

SPORT IN ART

*The happy moment—
always the same*

James K. Polk was in the White House, and the year—it was 1847—was one of tensions and triumphs in the war with Mexico. And this was the summer that James Goodwyn Thomson, New York painter, chose to record a more timeless triumph—a Panch-proud fisherman holding up his catch of a striped bass. *The Happy Moment* was Thomson's name for it. Though costumes have changed in 113 years, successful anglers still wear the same look.





Photographs by George B. Schaller

THE AMIALE GORILLA

In an unprecedented experiment, a young scientist and his wife set out to share the daily life of giant gorillas in Africa's mountains. Here is the exclusive story of what they found—plus the first close-up pictures ever made of gorillas in their native wild

by JOHN O'REILLY

FOR THE FIRST TIME in history a man and woman, alone and unarmed, have gone among wild gorillas to live with them on a basis of friendly coexistence. George B. Schaller, a young biologist from the University of Wisconsin, and his pretty blonde wife Kay are now in the Belgian Congo engaged in the first protracted study of gorilla life ever made under natural, undisturbed conditions. How closely Schaller has entered into their lives is shown in the extraordinary pictures on these and the following pages which he took as he sat among the gorillas and watched them eat and sleep and play through long days in the African wilds.

Reacting to his calm, nonbelligerent approach, the gorillas have accepted him in a spirit of cautious curiosity. This mutual tolerance has resulted in scenes which have never before taken place between the world's two largest primates. At times Schaller has found himself in the midst of a troop of gorillas, with the animals staring at him from all sides. He has stood face to face with a gorilla, looking into its deep brown eyes at a distance of six feet. On occasion he has sat on the same limb with them. He has devoted day after day to watching their every movement, while they returned the scrutiny with such avid interest that it became a question of who was making the most intensive study

continued

WILD GORILLAS, always advertised as a sight to chill men's blood, look up mildly as George Schaller takes their picture from less than 20 feet away in the deep African forest.

of whom. He now knows their moods, their expressions and their reactions. Bundled in his sleeping bag, he has passed nights at the edge of gorilla troops curled in their individual nests, and once he awakened to find one sound asleep only a few feet from him.

In consequence, Schaller already has assembled a mass of data on the life history and behavior of the wild gorillas that are new to science. Furthermore, his observations in total present a picture of this largest of the anthropoid apes that is almost directly opposite to the popular conception. Ever since Paul du Chailu, the French explorer, published his exaggerated accounts of wild gorillas a hundred years ago, the concept of this animal as a ferocious, ill-tempered, man-hating beast has grown in the public mind. Motion pictures portraying the gorilla with a beautiful blonde slung over its shoulder have added to the characterization.

By contrast, the Schallers have found the gorilla to be an amiable animal which lives in peace with others of its kind and with the world around it; a creature which attacks man only under the severest provocation; an unusual mammal whose life is so placid that even sex is incidental

and not worth fighting about. Schaller's studies also show the need for continuing investigations of the gorilla and the great need for its preservation.

These new facts concerning the gorilla will be included in a scientific report when Schaller returns next summer. Meanwhile, he has sent to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* lengthy accounts of his life with the gorillas and the things he has learned about them.

The two-year gorilla study is being financed by the National Science Foundation and the New York Zoological Society. Before establishing a permanent camp in the Congo, Schaller and Dr. John T. Emlen, supervisor of the project and professor of biology at the University of Wisconsin, devoted six months to studying the habitat and distribution of the mountain gorilla and to locating the most favorable site at which to study its social behavior.

They decided on the region of the Virunga Volcanoes in Albert National Park (see map) because its vegetation is better suited to continuous observation than the denser jungles, and the gorillas have rarely met man. There, in the high mountain forest, George and Kay Schaller began the unique experiment in August 1959.

The essence of Schaller's technique

in getting on friendly terms is unobtrusiveness. "Previous expeditions sent to study the gorilla," he writes, "always ventured into the forest with gunbearers, camera carriers, trackers and porters. As recently as 1953 an expedition to the Virunga Volcanoes arrived with 120 porters and finished their supposed study without ever having seen a gorilla. Even if gorillas are encountered by such expeditions, the animals usually flee or, if closely pressed, attack."

ALONE AND UNARMED

"Dr. Emlen and I reasoned that no animal likes to be approached by a horde of people. We decided to go alone and unarmed. It worked well. Now, even if I am accompanied by a park guard, I make him stay behind when the gorillas are near. Slowly, in plain sight, I approach a troop of feeding or resting gorillas to within 30 to 150 feet, depending on the terrain and visibility.

"I sit quietly, often on a stump or on the low branch of a tree, and seemingly pay little attention to them. If they move off, I never follow, for attacks are most likely in pursuit. This policy has paid off. The gorillas have become used to my sitting near them day after day, and I have never been charged. Instead of

THE SCHALLERS: RESEARCH PIONEERS

In becoming the first man to make a long-term study of gorilla home life, George B. Schaller is continuing a career rounded with research both in the laboratory and in the field. He was born in Germany 17 years ago and came to this country as a boy. His interest in wildlife and wilderness areas led him to enter the University of Alaska, where he met hominoid biologist Helen Jane Cuddeback, a baby-faced deliverer, like himself a student of anthropology and zoology. In Alaska he obtained his B.S. degree in zoology and his B.A. degree in anthropology, adding an M.S. degree in zoology from the University of Wisconsin. His field work includes a survey of the birds of Colville River, Alaska, work with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Park Service, and, in 1956, a journey to the Brooks Range in Alaska as a member of the Marie Expedition.





THE SCHALLER CAMP SITE LOOKS OUT OVER THE WILDLY BEAUTIFUL FOREST. A MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND

moving off, they continue their daily routine as if I did not exist. This, of course, is the ideal way to study the social behavior of an animal, and in the past eight months I have observed them over 450 hours.

"Usually the animals are so close that I do not need my binoculars. Gorillas, like dogs or men, get very uneasy when stared at directly, so the use of cameras and binoculars must not be too continuous.

"At times my wife accompanies me, but the gorillas appear more nervous at the sight of two people. I always wear the same drab clothes day after day. I do all my own tracking. By following their trails of broken vegetation I have plotted their movements and activity for as long as 27 consecutive days."

The fact that he is unarmed, Schaller reasons, is important in getting the gorillas to accept him on equal terms. He feels that if he carried a gun, even though he never used it, the mere possession of the weapon would give him an assertiveness which the gorillas could detect. He has sought simply to give himself the role of another friendly primate who comes around every day but minds his own business. The method has worked, not with just one gorilla band but with many. Up to the last report received from Schal-

ler, he had come to know 16 gorilla troops, ranging in size from five to 30 animals.

In this role he has watched a massive male remain placidly indifferent while four babies played around him and crawled all over him. On one occasion he just missed seeing the actual birth of a gorilla in the wild. When he came upon the scene, the afterbirth was still present and the mother was administering to the scrawny infant.

THE SUBTLE MALE

At such intimate and exciting moments, Schaller found, the response of the gorillas to his presence is varied. "The adult males are the most excitable members of a troop," he reports. "Since the male is also the leader of the troop, the reaction of all depends on him. If he is in a nervous mood and moves off, everyone follows, even if they were all sleeping. When excited, the males roar, beat their chests and dash about. Females, by contrast, rarely get excited; they are very placid and only now and then beat their chests.

"Females, young males and juveniles are much more curious than the adult males. Whereas the old male may hide and just peek from behind a screen of woods, young males will

angle closer and closer to me, seemingly oblivious of my presence. Females, usually with a baby on their back or on their chest, will sit on exposed stumps or climb into the trees nearest to where I sit and watch me for hours.

"There is also," he continued, "great individual variation in the distance to which they dare approach me. Young males have come to six feet. A female with a baby once climbed onto the same branch with me, as did a young male. Usually, however, they do not come closer than 30 feet. Once they know me well I can sit 60 to 80 feet away without annoying them, although they prefer 120 to 150 feet.

"Nothing is more silent than a resting gorilla troop. I have stumbled among them and found myself either surrounded or lone to face with an animal. Here the rule is not to panic but to quietly and slowly back away or just sit. Gorillas never behave aggressively if your actions do not convey aggressiveness. Thus, at my presence, a troop may either move away—usually not more than 100 yards—or they may come closer to look me over well; or they may ignore me except for an occasional glance, all depending on how well they know me."

continued

At no time did Schaller experience anything to substantiate the ferocious legend that has been created about the gorilla in most people's minds. "In fact," he reports, "I have never encountered or studied animals which behave so gently and with such friendliness toward each other and toward man. They are shy and appear introverted if compared to the extravert chimpanzee. Zoo gorillas have often been labeled as 'dull' because of their apparent lack of liveliness. They are far from dull. Their self-contained, deliberate movements convey assurance and peace of mind—a complete contrast to the chimpanzee. Their amiable eyes are a soft brown. They look at the world with curiosity and they usually appear somewhat bemused. The gorilla is not easily aroused but when he is his eyes express it well. But as soon as the danger is past he immediately settles down again. The gorilla becomes aggressive only when hunted repeatedly or if his family is harassed."

A SIZABLE POPULATION

The mountain gorilla, which was not discovered until 1908, is primarily confined to the Kivu Province of the Belgian Congo. It is nearly identical to the lowland gorilla, which is found 1,000 miles to the west. Although preferring forested country, the mountain gorilla is found from the hot, humid rain forest at 1,500 feet up to the cold, wet mountain forests at altitudes of 6,000 to 12,000 feet. At times mountain gorillas venture upward out of the forest to 13,500 feet.

Schaller's survey shows that the mountain gorilla's distribution is more extensive than supposed. Population estimates are nearly impossible to make, but he believes there are at least 3,000 animals and possibly as many as 15,000.

The site which he and Dr. Emile chess for the study is in prime gorilla country—and it is scenically beautiful and historically significant as well. "Our cabin lies on the edge of a small meadow—called Kabara—which is located at 10,300 feet, in the saddle between Mikero and Karisimbi, surrounded on every side by forest," writes Schaller. "The cabin is a rather crude shack with a leaky tin roof and large spaces between the hand-hewn



PRIME GORILLA COUNTRY of Africa lies in the eastern section of Albert National Park in Belgian Congo. Though the park is often visited by tourists and scientific parties, the area around Mikero where Schaller made his observations is remote, and the animals there have only seldom encountered man.

boards. The wind whistles through our three rooms, and evenings, when the temperature drops below 46° and as low as freezing, we sit huddled around our small iron stove. Carl Akaka, the great American sculptor and naturalist, lies buried a little over a hundred feet from our doorstep. From the front door we can see Mount Karisimbi, over 14,500 feet high and frequently touched with snow.

"We spent five consecutive months in isolation and saw but one white man for a day in that time. In January we descended for two weeks to buy more supplies. We live on tinned goods except for occasional fresh vegetables sent up to us by the park.

"We also keep several chickens. My wife bakes bread and raises a tiny portable camp oven. We have two Africans with us—a camp boy to chop wood, and a park guard, who sometimes goes out with me. In the past six months we probably have averaged about three to seven partially cloudy days per month—never a clear day.

"We rise at sunset at 6 a.m., check the weather, take the temperature, start a fire in the stove and settle down to a big bowl of oatmeal topped with brown sugar. By 7, or later if the gorillas are very close to the cabin, I set out into the dew-soaked forest. I track the gorillas until I find them, observe them anywhere from one to seven hours, then return home, usually wet. While I change clothes, Kay prepares me a cup of hot bouillon, and I warm up by the fire. Sometimes, if I have time, I set off again

and watch another troop, collect and preserve plants, do chores or pick blackberries.

"During the evenings I transcribe my notes, make maps of gorilla movements, do correspondence, read or just sit by the fire. We're usually in bed at 8 p.m. This routine varies. If the fog is so dense in the morning that I cannot see 50 feet, I must wait until it lifts; sometimes I take my sleeping bag and sleep all night at the edge of a gorilla troop to record their bedtime, rising time, etc. In general, my time is adapted to the daily schedule of the gorillas."

Schaller reports the daily routine of a gorilla troop as follows:

"They begin to feed soon after waking. Gorillas are very choosy eaters. Of some plants they eat only the leaves, of others only the bark, the root or the pith. They carefully pick off the dead parts or tough bark. They chew with their mouths open, and their lips often smack and they grumble contentedly. Each animal sits in its own little spot, and the pile of uneaten debris accumulates around it. They eat about 25 different kinds of plants around Kabara. Most of these taste rather bitter to me; some taste just like any leaf; others are fairly palatable, tasting like radishes, or slightly sour. Gorillas are complete vegetarians.

"Sometimes they climb into the trees to feast on a fern which grows on the branches or on the smilax-like vines which creep up on the trunks. Gorillas are deliberate climbers, at times rather clumsy, and fairly poor judges of which branches can bear

their weight. Their climbing ability does not appear to exceed that of a 12-year-old boy, although on vertical trunks their short legs give better support than the long ones of man. The large males rarely climb. I have never seen gorillas swing from branch to branch as they are often described as doing in literature.

"By 9:30 or 10 a.m. they are satiated. Although some animals will continue to snack, most begin their noon siesta, usually only 400 to 600 feet from their nests of the previous night. Many doze. If it rains they sit huddled over; if the sun shines they sunbathe on their backs. Mothers groom their babies, and juveniles clamber about on trees. This is the best time to observe them, for they do not move about and social interactions are frequent."

NIGHTS FOR A NIGHT

"Between 1 and 2 p.m. the male rises and the troop begins to feed again. They feed until about 5, more and more slowly as the afternoon progresses. Sometimes, after the noon rest period, the male apparently decides to travel, and the whole troop will move nearly a mile before feeding. Usually, however, after traveling less than a mile and as little as 350 feet, the troop will settle down for the night.

"Each animal builds a nest, which is used one night only. The gorilla, standing or sitting, bends in branches or weeds from all directions until a crude cup is formed. The nest may be either on the ground or in a tree. It takes anywhere from 30 seconds to five minutes to construct. By 6 p.m. the gorilla sleeps, either on his belly, with arms and legs tucked under, or on his side. During the nights I have slept at the edge of a troop I have found they sleep very quietly and I have not yet heard them snore.

"Thus, the day of the gorilla consists of nearly 15 hours of sleep interspersed with feeding and sitting."

Although the gorillas are peaceful and nonaggressive, they do not live in an animal democracy. Schaller has made the following observations on their group behavior:

"The adult male, or one of several, is the boss and leader of the troop. He is the focus of attention of all other animals. When he moves, all heads turn to watch his actions. He

continued



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On Page 49 you saw the famous hands of ART WALL, Jr.



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THREE FINE CAMERAS IN ONE

ADAMABLE GORILLA continued



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determines when to go and where to go. When he builds his nest for the night all others do likewise. In fact, if the male changes his mind after the nests are built and he moves on, all the others get up from bed and abandon their efforts. The boss male is also the protector of the troop. It is he who stays behind and roams when the rest of the troop seeks safety. Once, when I came on them suddenly, the male grabbed a juvenile under his arm and raced downhill.

"Although he is boss and dictator he appears to be well liked. Females come up and lean against him and rest their heads upon his silver saddle, and babies will leave their mothers to sit by him. He is very tolerant of their young exuberance. I have seen a baby pull the long hairs on his crown with all its might and slap him in the face without eliciting a response. Babies climb and slide all over his back. When they become too wild he merely glances at them or gives them a light push and they desist.

"If there are several adult males in the troop, one is still the boss. The females pay little attention to these extra males. However, all adult males appear to have a right to the females; or rather, when sexually aroused, the females seem to choose a male. Communication is instantaneous she walks up to the male of her choice and looks at him, and he does not linger. What follows is an action very human in all its phases. Unlike humans, though, the leader does not mind if another bids favor in his haven. This lack of emphasis on sex may well be a reason for the peace which prevails in a gorilla troop.

"Quarrels are very rare. I watched a quarrel during a rainstorm. Several animals had found shelter under the leaning trunk of a tree. A female tried to crowd in. Amid loud screaming and tooth-baring she was pushed out and had to seek shelter under another tree.

"Sounds made by the gorillas are expressive of their emotions. Some of these sounds, while not as symbolic as the human language, still have communicatory value. A distressful whimpering by a baby will bring the mother on the double. Screams of danger by the female and roars of annoyance by the male are currently inter-

continued



IN THREE SINGLE PHOTOGRAPHS, SCHALLER'S CAMERA CAPTURED AN ADULT FEMALE (TOP LEFT) AND "JESSE," A YOUNG MALE.



... THREE MALES JOINING A FEMALE AND BABY ON A NEARBY BRANCH



... TWO (RED MALES BELOW) WITH FEMALES AND JUNIORS OF TROOP

... AN ANGRY FEMALE BEATING HER CHEST



preyed by all. For the most part, however, by keeping an eye on each other, gorillas know what is happening without needing recourse to vocal communication. I can now tell as well as a gorilla if the intention of a walking adult male is to travel away or if he is just seeking another resting place.

"Although adult males seem to have a definite pecking order, females assert their dominance so rarely that I do not know if they have a similar pecking order. Females may, however, boss a juvenile around, and juveniles, in turn, are dominant over babies.

"Many lone males roam the forest. These do not appear to be outcasts or old animals. They are either young or in the prime of life. They may join a troop for a while and then resume their lonely life, seemingly out of preference.

"The young are reared with great care. After a gestation period similar to that of man, the tiny baby, weighing about three or four pounds, is born. It is spindly and weak, and its belly and the inside of the arms and legs are devoid of hair. The female holds it tightly to her chest. By three months of age the baby is quite alert. It has its first teeth and it begins to gnaw on vegetation. Shakily it may ride on its mother's back. By five months it crawls away from its mother at times and clumsily tries to wrestle with other babies. Development is fast from now on. It gains assurance in climbing and it spends more time sitting near, rather than on, the mother. When the troop moves, it rides on her back and, although it continues

to suckle until over a year and a half old, it is practically on a solid vegetable diet by eight months.

"Although the mother is still the primary focus of a year-old baby, it now ventures farther afield. It sits by the male and it seeks out juveniles and other babies in play. Babies wrestle and play follow-the-leader. A favorite game is king of the mountain. One baby sits on a stump, and others who try to climb up get a kick in the face.

"A year-old baby weighs about 15 pounds. By 2 years it is up to 85 pounds. It still rides on the back of its mother but often it walks behind her on two legs, holding onto her rump with its hands. It is quite a load for the female to carry and sometimes she pulls it off. By 2 and a half years the baby is nearly independent. It still sticks near its mother but may now sleep in its own nest. By the time the offspring is 3 years old, mother often has a new baby. Although all three may at times sleep in the same nest, the juvenile usually sleeps alone or teams up to sleep with another juvenile.

"At 3 years the gorilla weighs about 65 pounds. If the juvenile is a female it attains adulthood at about 6 or 7 years, males probably not until about 8 to 10 years. Adult females weigh about 150 to 350 pounds; adult males probably as much as 450 pounds."

Schaller has come to know many of his gorillas personally and recognizes them in the same way he would recognize individuals in a group of humans. They differ in character, and some have distinctive noses or wrinkles on their lips. Some have Franz Josef side

whiskers, others appear to have crew cuts. Some have round faces, some long ones. Cuts, moles, patches of light-colored hair—all serve to identify his animals. He has given many of them names. He has never seen any indication of tool-using in the wild, but he is continually impressed by the similarity of their actions to those of men.

"Their anatomical similarity to man," he writes, "makes all their actions seem like a parody of their larger-brained relatives. They will carefully pick their nose with one finger and they will run their fingers through their long, black hair until an imperfection is noted; then they will pick at it. Man, running his hand through the hairy remnant on his head and picking at a pimple which he encounters during this inspection, shows similar behavior. Yawning gorillas are exactly like man in all movements and actions, and several times I have seen gorillas cover their mouths with one hand while sneezing."

Schaller says that the future of the gorilla, particularly in the isolated pockets, looks dark. He points out that the internationalization of Albert Park may save them, but he realizes that the human population explosion is sure to bring in man, their one enemy. In a hundred years or so he doubts that gorillas will exist outside nature reserves—if at all. In his last report he included the following tribute to his friends of the rain forest:

"In summary," he wrote, "we see that gorillas are shy but gentle, sociable, family-loving vegetarians who live in habitats dominated by one benign boss. They lead a life of leisure, feeding and sleeping. Toward each other and toward other animals, including man, they are very tolerant, and the dictum of peaceful coexistence is their way of life. Sex to them is merely a function; they find no need to defend a territory against others of their own species. In many ways they already have achieved the kind of life man has sought for centuries.

"But in their very existence, free from want and free from problems, lies their downfall, for by having evolved into such a mode of life, they have probably given up some of their adaptability to face new situations, with the result that they have lost their only defense against rapacious man."

END



FAVORITE, USHAKI, "JIMMY" APPEARS AGAIN, SLEEPING CURRENTLY THROUGH WOODS

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Fresh from a romp in Boston, the Cleveland Indians were brought up short by two losses to the Yanks. Still, Manager Gordon saw the pennant clearly in sight. One big reason was the play of Vic Power, in Gordon's opinion the finest fielding first baseman of all time. Handling his glove like a jai-lai mule, Power ranged far in every direction, short-hopping tricky bouncers, flugging wild throws, making unassisted double plays. Four straight losses to Detroit dropped the Baltimore Orioles from first place. Overloaded with starting pitchers, Manager Richards recalled Billy Hoak from Miami, considered returning Herb Wilken to the bullpen. The New York Yankees played their best ball in almost two years and moved ever closer to the top. Mickey Mantle and Elston Howard revived the club's hit tradition, and Hector Lopez—righteously by name for Kansas City wanted him back—suddenly became the league's most dangerous batter. The pitching was even better: four complete games and five relief work by Bobby Murton and Johnny James. The Chicago White Sox double-hitting had Manager Lopez worried. Biggest problem was with the cleanup man: prior to a 15-run explosion at Boston, the No. 4 hitters had driven in four runs, batted .221 in 19 games. The Detroit Tigers finally got hitting together to match their pitching and lashed another Eccegenie-winning streak. Coach Billy Hitchcock, blushing and hushful when reedited with Rocky Colavito's comeback, could not deny his public a second time. When pupil Frank Bolling homered twice against the Ori-

oles, Hitchcock admitted he was the second slump breaker. The relief-poor Washington Senators got a lift when Tex Clevenger blossomed into a first-rate bullpen man. Clevenger saved his sixth and seventh games of the season, helped give the team a firm hold on sixth place. Fresh from a winning home stand, the Kansas City Athletics crumpled on the road, losing seven out of nine. One eerie note was the pitching of Rookie Ken Johnson, who suited the Senators. Changing managers again, the Boston Red Sox came up with a snappy new double-play combination. Higgins to Jagers to Higgins. Said Owner Tom Yawkey with deadening logic: "Mike Higgins knows the players and can move right into the situation."

Standings: Oct. 15-18, Red 31-15, NY 23-11, Det 18-21, KC 18-15, Wash 17-20, SE 17-18, Bos 11-20.

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Yankees (Oct. 1-11)	27	21	48
White Sox (Oct. 1-11)	45	14	59
Senators (Oct. 1-11)	27	26	53
Red Sox (Oct. 1-11)	25	12	37
Athletics (Week 1-10)	32	25	57
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Braves (Oct. 1-11)	36	39	75
Phillies (Oct. 1-11)	41	26	67
Pirates (Oct. 1-11)	38	25	63
Reds (Oct. 1-11)	35	21	56
Pacers (Oct. 1-11)	37	19	56

* Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBs.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The Pittsburgh Pirates made it six losses in nine games but still hold first place. Vern Law was hit hard in two starts (28 hits in 16¹/₂ innings), and Fred Green had to relieve four days in a row; on the fourth day he blew a ninth-inning lead to the Cardinals. Bad baseball cost the San Francisco Giants two games and the disappointment of the penn. Even the editorial columns were trained on the "laddered Giants," and Manager Rigney began to show the strain of not winning with a winner. He benched Willie McCovey and Orlando Cepeda, scrambled the infield around and stirred up the anger of last year's collapse by relieving such arm-starter Sam Jones. The Milwaukee Braves finally hit their away-from-home stride and closed the gap behind the faltering leaders. For the first time in ages they won with a late-inning rush, as sharpshooter Red Schoendienst beat the Dodgers with



AGED HEROES Ted Williams, Duke Snider hit two homers each. Ted's gave him 487, Duke's put him eighth on all-time list.

a base-clearing double. Hard-pressed for relief pitching, Manager Dressen brought up lefty George Brunet, then used him as a starter. The Cincinnati Reds continued to play like champions on the Coast. They made it seven wins in eight games there before losing to the Dodgers. The St. Louis Cardinals grabbed fifth place and held on. Week-legged, weak-armed Bob Nieman slugged the Pirates with timely doubles, lifted his BA to a team-leading .330. Hallower Bob (Ach) Dufina won one game, saved another, and starter Larry Jackson captured his sixth and seventh victories in a row. The Los Angeles Dodgers shaped their way past Cincinnati for the league home run lead, but otherwise found along, losing ball games. "We have a bunch of cold, lethargic guys," said Vice-president Frances Thompson. "We need a real ball man, someone who can light a fire under them." Ernie Banks was hitting homers at a relentless pace (six in 10 games), but otherwise the erratic Chicago Cubs played like a solid seventh-place club. They did produce one shiny new hero: veteran Yankee farm hand Mark Freeman, who showed a good slider in boosting the Phils for his first major league victory. Said college man Freeman after the game: "It was an unreluctant thrill." The Philadelphia Phillies got fire pitching from John Bushardt and Chris Short, plus a victory (the first in six weeks) from venerable Robin Roberts. Standings: Oct. 23-25, SF 22-20, ML 24-22, Cn 21-27, SE 17-27, LA 19-28, KC 19-21, Phi 19-21.

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs	Hits	Home Runs	RBIs
Red Sox	2.75	3.10	2.00	2.00
Yankees	2.51	3.11	2.11	2.11
Senators	2.05	2.05	2.05	2.05
White Sox	2.05	2.05	2.05	2.05
Red Sox	2.05	2.05	2.05	2.05
Senators	2.05	2.05	2.05	2.05
White Sox	2.05	2.05	2.05	2.05
Red Sox	2.05	2.05	2.05	2.05
Senators	2.05	2.05	2.05	2.05
White Sox	2.05	2.05	2.05	2.05

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs	Hits	Home Runs	RBIs
Braves	3.04	3.04	3.04	3.04
Phillies	3.04	3.04	3.04	3.04
Pirates	3.04	3.04	3.04	3.04
Reds	3.04	3.04	3.04	3.04
Pacers	3.04	3.04	3.04	3.04
Braves	3.04	3.04	3.04	3.04
Phillies	3.04	3.04	3.04	3.04
Pirates	3.04	3.04	3.04	3.04
Reds	3.04	3.04	3.04	3.04
Pacers	3.04	3.04	3.04	3.04

Baseball statistics through September 25, 1960.

19TH HOLE The readers take over

AN APPEAL

Sir:

As the American people know by this time, the entire southern part of Chile is in desperate need of material help of all kinds. With winter starting in the Southern Hemisphere and with winds coming directly from the antarctic, warm clothing is one of the greatest needs of these people.

In almost every American club locker room and in the athletic facilities of schools and universities there exists at the moment a rich source of potential aid for the people of southern Chile. I refer to the so-called lost-and-found department which is a fixture in almost every American athletic establishment. I would estimate that of the socks, athletic shoes, sweat suits and sweaters which constitute the usual inventory of the average lost-and-found department, over 65% are in good condition and usable.

Let me urge that the appropriate authorities in our athletic clubs, YMCAs, schools and universities take immediate action to have this supply of clothing sorted and laundered and turned over to organizations for immediate distribution in Chile. It is almost criminal to let this supply of desperately needed clothes, most of which will never be cleaned, be sitting around waiting for the rag man.

ROSEMARY LUTHER

Valparaiso, Chile

● The Church World Service (110 East 29th St., New York 16) and the Catholic Relief Services (East Chamber Rd. and Haswell St., New York 61) are two organizations who are equipped to forward to Chile any clothing sent to them.—ED.

THE SLOW BOWLER SPEAKS

Sir:

Regarding Huston Horn's well-meaning article on slow bowlers (*No Time to Spare*, June 6), I agree that dilly-dallying novices should be limited to matuturn golf.

However, many league bowlers, including myself, who work hard at improving their averages, know that this cannot be achieved by rushing the game.

FRED ENFIELD

Newark

Sir:

Does Huston Horn own shares in large bowling establishments? If not, he should after *No Time to Spare*.

I do not feel for the proprietors. They built huge alleys, and in order to make a profit found it absolutely necessary to fill the alleys with leagues Monday through Saturday.

Did you ever try to bowl on a weekday? If you watch the late TV movie, then

amble to the alley around 12:30 a.m., you just might find a free alley.

If the slow bowler and the resulting loss of weekend profits are the proprietors' lament, then be damned to them and more power to the slow bowler.

PHIL GRABE

Inglewood, Calif.

Sir:

If this is the way the bowling alley proprietors feel, maybe I should find another sport.

JIMMY JOHNSON

Seattle

CONNECTION

Sir:

The picture which accompanied your article on the Phillies' mischievous pitcher (*The Defcon Gomp Rider Ages*, June 13) was captioned incorrectly. Dick Farrell is the man on the left. The man wearing the cap is rookie Catcher Clayton Killymore.

LEO CORRELL

New York City



PHILLIE FARRELL AND CLAYTON KILLYMORE

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD

Sir:

I have been shocked and horrified to read in many of your recent articles the word "Olympiad" as if it were a synonym for the Olympic Games. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. It is the four-year interval between Olympic Games.

R. TUPPER BIRLOW

Toronto

● Not exclusively. In ancient Greece, time was indeed computed by Olympiads, the four-year interval between the Games. But today Olympiad has

also come to mean the Olympic festival proper.—ED.

AMEN

Sir:

A hearty "amen" to Al Wright's statement that "automobile racing is a sport that doesn't need bloodshed to provide excitement." (*A Practically Perfect Race at Indy*, June 6). Jim Rathmann, Rodger Ward, Johnny Thomson and Tony Bettenhausen proved this convincingly on Memorial Day.

DOUGLAS W. DUNN

Blauvelt, N.Y.

IF YOU ASK ME...

Sir:

Your editors are burning, inept idiots not to see in the Cincinnati Redlegs the most exciting team in baseball with Yoda Pincus, Ed Bailey, Frank Robinson, Gus Bell, Ray McMillan and Ed Kasco.

BOB CROWLEY

Higun, Ohio

THAT'S THE WAY THEY ARE

Sir:

Because I have been annoyed for years about the almost nil coverage you have given lacrosse, it would be most unfortunately of me not to receive myself (temporarily, at least) and congratulate you on the excellent lacrosse article (*New Stripes for Old Arms*, June 13). For all of us who love the game, thanks, and kudos to Ray Cave for a well-written story.

Our program for kids in Maplewood, N.J., has some 55 to 60 children from the fourth grade through high school playing each spring. Our high school kids have formed a club that beat most of the prep schools in Jersey this past year, in addition to the Rutgers Freshman H squad. Pardon my enthusiasm, please, but that's the way lacrosse suits me.

PAUL P. HAYNE

Maplewood, N.J.

PAINT PRIDE

Sir:

The excellent reporting, photographs and diagrams describing Jim Beatty's superb ride at Modesto (*An Upright on Wheels*, June 6) almost redeemed your publication, which lost this charter subscriber when bridge and boudoir fashions took over.

GEORGE S. BROWN

Baltimore

Sir:

You might call our town small and our track poorly lighted but please don't call our Dr. R. S. Oronholm who is an orthopedic surgeon an osteopathic specialist.

J. D. MEHRE

Modesto, Calif.

● Never again.—ED.

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ERNEST R. BREECH

'I don't notice the rain'

When Ernest Breech is not in Dearborn, Mich., presiding over the affairs of the Ford Motor Co. as its board chairman, he may usually be found on fishing water. So it was the other day when Breech, a native of the Ozarks, journeyed to Springfield, Mo., to dedicate the \$400,000 school of business building he is presenting to Drury College, his alma mater. Not far away was the White River of Arkansas, home of monster fighting trout, and the temptation to tarry was just too

great, even for a board chairman. Dedication attended to, off went Breech (above right) and his friend, television's Tennessee Ernie Ford (below right), for two days of fishing. The winds blew and the rains came down steadily, but nothing daunted the two men of affairs. "When I'm fishing, I don't notice rain," says Breech. The first day, using artificial lures, they got one small throw-back apiece. Then, as practical fellows, they switched to worms, took six fat ones.



PERFECTION IN A POOL

Deep in the Canadian bush a fisherman discovered a pond that 'were Paradise now'

by JOHN DURANT

I'M NEARLY 50 years of angling in waters from Hudson Bay to Florida I have known only two places that could rightfully be called a "Fisherman's Paradise"—a term used far too loosely by resort owners and fishermen themselves.

The first place was in a rocky cove in Waukegan Lake at Meredith, New Hampshire, where unaided and alone I caught my first mess of fish (three smallmouth bass and one pickerel), and that was paradise enough for a boy of 8.

In the years that have passed since then I must have fished a thousand lakes, streams and brooks. Many times I have enjoyed spectacular

fishing in almost perfect settings, but not until last summer did I find a spot that recaptured that long-ago day on Waukegan Lake.

I first saw the place through the window of a seaplane as it circled to alight on a remote lake called Travers, some 600 miles northeast of Quebec. The spruce-bordered lake seemed no different from dozens of others the plane had passed over in the last hour, but what caught my eye was a small circle of water alongside it that looked like a blue poker chip from the air. It lay between Travers and a higher lake to the north. The waters of the upper lake foamed over a falls into the blue disk, then cascaded down into Travers on the other side. The white-fringed pool, really a miniature lake between lakes, grew larger as the plane came down. I judged it to be a quarter of a mile in diameter, the upper and lower falls about 10 feet high. Then we landed and tramped up the middle of

continued



SPORTSMAN DURANT FISHES OFF ROCKS THAT SPLIT FALLS AT HIS WILDERNESS POOL



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PERFECTION IN A POOL outdoors

Traverse to an island, and the pool was lost from sight. Well, it would be there tomorrow and I would find it.

We unloaded the plane, and the pilot immediately took off in order to get back to his base at Havre St. Pierre before nightfall. He was scheduled to come back to Travers in two days with another load. Standing beside me on the island as the plane vanished into the enormous Quebec wilderness were my wife and two men we had never seen until the day before. All we knew about them was that they were government biologists and that they had come to Travers to net ouananiche (Quebec's landlocked salmon) to supply a hatchery at Gaspé. Meanwhile I hoped to catch a species of fish I had never seen but was interested in because of its rarity and reputed gameness. This was the Quebec red trout (Salvelinus namaycush), a landlocked arctic char of undefined range, listed in the provincial fishing laws only in the past few years.

Earlier in the summer I had queried the Department of Fisheries of the Province of Quebec about the new trout, and was referred to Robert W. Bourassa, biologist and director of Quebec's fisheries Management and Protection Service. Bourassa wrote me that the year before he had taken five-pound red trout and brook trout out of Travers, also some ouananiche. He was planning to go back there in August, he said, and invited us to come along.

On the island in Travers I asked Bourassa how he happened to choose this particular lake among the thousands of others in the province.

"My brother was on a surveying party here nine years ago," said Bourassa, speaking with a strong French accent. "He told me he fished at the falls and caught enough ouananiche to cover the bottom of his canoe. Last year the government wanted ouananiche for stocking some lakes, and they asked me if I knew of a sure place to get them. I remembered what my brother had told me about this lake. There are maybe a hundred other lakes around here with ouananiche in them but I could spend three or four summers trying to find out just where to net the nets in those lakes. But this one I was sure of before I came. I knew the exact spot—a hundred feet off the falls. We found the ouana-

niche there, but for every one we netted we got 30 brook trout. You will see."

"What about the red trout, the marstoni?"

"We will get them, too. They will be in the net."

I wanted my marstoni on the end of a line, not in any gill net. "But you've taken them with a fly rod," I said. "Isn't that right?"

"Yes, in the fall when they are on top. Now they are down deep and won't come up until next month when the water is more cold. But don't worry. I will get for you the marstoni."

This was startling news. Was it possible that Bourassa thought I had come all the way from New York just to look at the fish? I leaned heavily against a tree. "You mean there's no chance of taking one with a fly rod?"

"No. They are too deep down for the fly."

"What about those five-pounders you caught?"

"We got them in the net," he replied cheerily. "You should see what we get sometimes in the net—a duck, a loon, one time a mink."

The next morning the biologists set their nets off the falls and, returning to the island, reported to us that they had netted about 60 brook trout and three ouananiche but not one marstoni.

Treat game

"Maybe tomorrow we will get your marstoni," said Bourassa. "But now if you want some good fishing I will take you to a place where there are so many trout they will eat your shoes if you stand in the water."

We paddled close to shore for a mile and beached the canoe at the head of the lake's outlet, a narrow river that tumbled down through a gorge into the lake below. The biologists were the first out of the canoe and were casting before I could put my rod together. I watched fascinated, hardly able to fix my rod, as I saw them take trout on almost every cast. Standing side by side on a large rock, they teased in one fish after another, never playing them, rarely using the reel but pulling them in by hand. They had no net. They hoisted the fish in the air, their rods bending double, then shook the trout loose, or when that failed brought them to hand and unhooked them. They must

continued



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PERFECTION IN A POOL continued

have taken and freed 20 trout before I could fix my rod and join them.

I tried everything in the book—wet and dry flies, some with barbless hooks, streamers and bucktails. I cast in white water, in pools and underneath falls. It made no difference. There was always a trout on, it seemed. I don't think that at any time I made more than four consecutive casts without getting a strike. Once, using three wet flies, I landed a triple. The trout were all of the same size, around 12 inches long and highly colored. They were beautiful and they fought with vigor, as only the southern wild trout does. The little river was lovely and the day was perfect. But in less than an hour I had had enough of that. When fishing is that easy it is fun for only a short time and then it begins to pall. No skill involved, and it means nothing when you lose a trout, for you know that another one will be on in a moment. I hoped the big pool between the lakes would not be like this.

More supplies

Early the next morning the plane came in with the final load, bringing more nets and provisions, an outboard motor, cans of gasoline and a second canoe which was lashed to a pontoon. When everything was unloaded, the pilot checked off the list and as he was about to leave said that he'd be back in five or six days to take us out.

With two canoes, we could now split up and go where we pleased. The biologists were anxious to try the larger lakes around Travers for osageanike and I wanted to see what was in the pool I had spotted from the plane window two days earlier.

Against a stiff wind my wife and I crossed the mile-long lake and beached alongside the falls. We then carried the canoe around them up a steep but short path to some flat rocks on the edge of the pool. There was at once the realization that this place was a haven, sheltered and undisturbed by the strong winds that were sweeping across Travers and the larger lake above. Here there was scarcely a ripple on the surface, and the balsams fringing the pool stood motionless.

We drifted across the pool, idly

continued

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looking for a fishing spot, and were drawn to a small, treeless island that lay close to the far side and split the upper falls. Bordered on one side by rapids and on the other by the main part of the double falls, it faced the quieter waters of the center of the pool. There was room here for casting and for moving about, and all kinds of water to try—small and large pools, white water, the caldron at the foot of the falls and the deep water of the big pool itself. Never before had I seen such a variety of water in one place, all of it within reach of an ordinary cast from the island. Nor had I ever known such a secluded and enchanted spot, so remote and unspoiled. I knew before I put a line in that this was the place, truly a fisherman's paradise.

A tough fighter

My line was not in long. On the fourth cast the water suddenly geysered up, and the osmanichee arched into the air a good five feet above the surface, his whole body shaking. Six times he did this, fighting furiously between leaps, until at last he tired and I drew him belly up into the net. He was lightly hooked and no damage had been done to his jaw but he died almost immediately. He had literally fought himself to death. We did not see too many of these superb fighters, perhaps one for every 20 trout we took, but there was always the chance that the next cast might send one vaulting into the air.

The trout were plentiful but they were no fools like those in the river. You had to work for them here and it mattered how you placed the fly. A sloppy cast over a rise and the trout was gone and could not be lured back again. They would not strike at just anything and completely ignored some patterns, preferring the Parmachene Belle above all others. They fought as all wild trout do—with bulldog honesty, leaping only to hit the lure but never quitting for a moment. Unlike the river trout, they were not of uniform size. These trout ran from a half a pound to just over two pounds, as did the osmanichee.

We fished mostly from the island, but now and then we would get in

continued

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PERFECTION IN A POOL continued

the canoe and try the middle of the pool or land at an isolated rock and cast all around it. In this way we covered every bit of the pool, and there was no place that did not yield a trout. My wife and I each took about 10 an hour, which was just enough to keep us alert and in high gear but not so many that it dulled the sport.

In the days that followed we explored Travers, and once went the length of the 10-mile-long upper lake with the biologists in their canoe. We tried many fishing holes in both lakes and they were all good but none could compare to the pool. We always went back to it, and during the last four days of our stay fished it from morning to dusk. By that time I had forgotten about the marston and why I had come to Travers.

Miserable marston

The last afternoon, I was casting off the island when the biologists emerged from a clump of alders alongside the pool and motioned for me to come over to them. When I reached them, Bourassa excitedly held up a half-filled water bucket and pointed to a fish inside. "Your marston," he shouted. "We just got it in the net." So there it was at last—the fish I had come over a thousand miles to catch but didn't catch. I held it in my hand, disappointed at its drab appearance. It was an ordinary-looking gray fish without any spots or distinguishing color. To hell with it. But then I felt that I ought to take off my hat and thank it, for, after all, it had led me to the most wonderful fishing spot I had ever known, or ever would know.

We flew out the next day, and again I saw the tiny blue dink I had marked from the air a week before. I wondered how long it would be before anyone would fish there again. The biologists had taken enough satisfaction for the hatchery and would not be back again. There were no fire rangers or lumbermen in that country and it was unlikely that any fisherman would chance upon the spot. It might be 20 years or more before the pool would see another artificial fly. However long, the place would remain unchanged, wild and unspoiled, just as it was now and always had been.

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